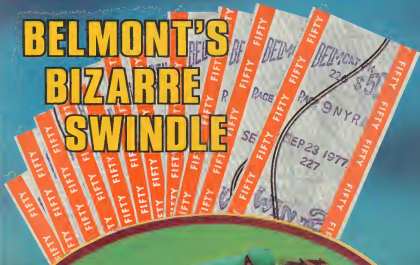


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 14, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

BELMONT'S BIZARRE SWINDLE





Silent and Sound reasons to give a Kodak Moviedeck projector.

Kodak movie projectors make showing movies easy. Count the Kodak benefits:

1 Watching movies without setting up a screen or turning down room lights. Our unique pull-out viewing screen is ideal for small audiences. There's also the option of projecting movies onto a traditional screen.

2 Bright images.

3 Automatic threading and automatic rewind.

4 Showing super 8 and 8 mm movies at the flip of a single switch on all models.

5 Replaying previous scenes in just seconds, and a choice of fast or slow motion on some models.

6 Low-profile design and smoke-tinted dust covers that make these projectors easy to look at.

Visit your photo dealer's soon. Ask to see a silent or sound model. And see all the silent and sound reasons to give your family a Kodak Moviedeck projector.



Kodak Moviedeck® projectors

Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"
...to save Christmas in pictures.



Why is this cigarette selling with no advertising and it's hard to come by?

There can be only one answer.

People like TALL.

They like the length. When they smoke a 120,
they really feel they're getting a cigarette that
isn't going to burn out before they know it.

They like the taste. TALL really delivers.

They like the package. People say a cigarette
pack is an extension of themselves. Makes a
statement about them. TALL's package is
simple, contemporary, and according to many
smokers, extremely handsome.

If you haven't tried TALL, do try a
pack. It may not be as available as the
cigarette you're smoking now. But the
way things are going it looks like that's
going to be a temporary condition.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 18 mg "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
Menthol, 16 mg "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

From a rock band...



After you've rocked up a heavy-sounding AM radio, storm on the RF-1108's 6 1/2" double-range speaker. Check out weather, police and fire calls on its VHF-High Public Service Band*.

to a TV band...



Now you can hear your favorite TV shows even when you can't watch them. The RF-1104 has all your favorite VHF TV channels (2-13). And all your favorite radio shows on AM and FM. Plus AFC, slide rule tuning and a 4" speaker.

to a public service band...



Now listen to real life radio on the RF-1090. Hear the drama of police, fire, trucks and ship-to-shore calls.* Continuous weather* and, of course, AM and FM. All at a price that's nice to hear, too.

to a short wave band.



Listen to across-the-ocean sounds and across-the-street sounds with the RF-2200. Six short wave bands and AM and FM. Plus fast/slow selector for accurate tuning. And features you'd find in higher-priced radios.

Introducing the new Tech Series from Panasonic. There's more to our radios than AM/FM.

A lot more. Like CB, TV, short wave or PSB. In all, 8 different Tech Series radios. And all combine rugged good looks with sound so good, it's hard to believe it comes from a portable. And so many extras like Panasonic batteries and earphone, you'll wonder how we managed to squeeze in the AM and the FM.

*Public service broadcasts vary by area. Check with local authorities.



**Tech
series**

Panasonic.

just slightly ahead of our time



For those special people who need a lot of life insurance.

New York Life's King-size Policy.

Your family grows. You get a better job. You take on new financial obligations. Just like that, you need a lot more life insurance. But within your budget.

Our Yearly Renewable Term Policy could be the answer. Because this policy is offered only in king-size amounts of \$50,000 and up, and because it provides temporary coverage, it gives you more protection for a given outlay.

Each succeeding year, until age 70, you have the option to renew the contract. However, the premiums will go up as you grow older unless you convert to a level-premium plan.

Our king-size policy. One of the many ways your New York Life Agent can add to your family's financial security. See him or her soon.



We guarantee tomorrow today.



Finally.

There is one goal all electric shavers strive to attain: the closeness of a blade shave.

Now, with the new Sunbeam Groomer Razor 8000, we believe we've come as close as anybody has ever come to that goal.

Because the Groomer actually stands whiskers straight up and shears them off *At or below the skin line.*

No other electric gives you the kind of shave the Groomer does. Because no other electric is precision-engineered the way the Groomer is.

It has a cutting speed of over 8,000 strokes per minute.

12 extra-thin stainless steel blades give you twice the cutting edges of any previous Sunbeam Groomer.

Our exclusive new blade-cluster suspension system distributes blade pressure constantly against the shaving head, resulting in a more even shave.

And the Groomer's smooth, electro-polished shaving head is the thinnest you can buy, enabling the blades to cut whiskers *at or below the skin line* for really close shaves. Of course, no manufacturer can prove the closeness of its shave through laboratory methods. Only you can be the judge.

So give the Groomer a try. If, after 30 days, you don't agree it shaves as close as a blade, just return the shaver and dated sales slip prepaid to Sunbeam Men's Shaver Offer, P.O. Box 310, Hinsdale, Illinois 60521.*

We'll refund your money. No questions asked.

Paper thin shaving head lets blades cut at or below the skin line.



New blade-cluster suspension system keeps you more even cutting act on.



Groomer adjusts to trim moustache, beard, sideburns, even your hair.

The new Sunbeam Groomer Razor 8000.

*Shaver must be purchased between Sept. 1, 1977 and Dec. 8, 1977 and requests for refund must be postmarked by January 8, 1978. Limit one per family. Offer good only in U.S.A. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law.



A comparison of sticker prices for comparably equipped '77 and '78 Mercury Bobcats reveals

More Bobcat for less

**1978 is the year to
LOVE THAT BOBCAT.
More standard features
than last year for a
lower sticker price.***

- a. Steel-belted radials now standard.
- b. Styled-steel wheels with trim rings now standard.
- c. Power front-disc brakes now standard.
- d. Tinted glass now standard.
- e. Front stabilizer bar now standard.

**More reasons to
LOVE THAT BOBCAT
(and all standard).**

Rack-and-pinion steering.
Front bucket seats.
Unitized body.
Solid state ignition.
Hood sound blanket.



Bobcat wagons come with all the same standard features.

4-speed floor mounted manual transmission.
2.3 litre overhead cam engine.
Rated 25mpg city, 35mpg highway. (These are EPA mileage estimates which may vary with your car's condition, equipment, and where and how you drive. Calif. and wagon est. lower.)
Lots of interior room—front and back. And more!

**In other words, you
get a lot more BOBCAT
TO LOVE for less money.
See your Lincoln-
Mercury dealer for
more details.**

*Models built after October 3, 1977. Based on sticker price comparison of Bobcat Planabuilt with features optional on '77 standard as '78.

**MERCURY
BOBCAT**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





The big difference
between us and them
is the pocket.
And the price.

The jeans with the fancy stitching on the back are the world's best-selling jeans. They have a fancy price tag, too. The jeans on the right are JCPenney Plain Pockets. They cost \$10.00. Which would you rather have? A half-cent's worth of stitching on your pocket, or some extra money in your pocket.

Plain Pockets Jeans
only at
JCPenney

Also through the catalog

KING COBRA

The King Cobra...the largest venomous snake on earth. It can deliver more venom than any other snake—enough poison to kill a 5-ton elephant in a matter of hours! The sensors in its flicking, forked tongue alert it instantly to the presence of prey. Its lethal venom is discharged through short, hollow teeth...while its double-hinged jaw and elastic throat permit it to consume prey much larger than itself.

The King Cobra—deadly, mysterious—is just one of the fascinating creatures you'll meet in *Reptiles & Amphibians*, your introductory volume in the WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS library—based on the popular TV series from TIME-LIFE TELEVISION.

Reptiles & Amphibians will bring you face-to-face with some of the world's most elusive, dangerous, and useful creatures...all in their own way vital to mankind in keeping the balance of nature. You'll discover:



Gila monster is the giant of the genus at 16 inches.

- **Flying Snake of Borneo**, actually capable of "flight" between trees up to 40 yards apart...
- **Anaconda**, a constrictor which grows to a length of more than 25 feet (one such snake was reported to have devoured a five-foot carman—whole!)
- **Gila Monster**, which hangs onto its prey with such tenacity, it sometimes can only be torn loose with pliers...
- **Racer Snake**, which can easily outdistance a man over rough terrain by means of a complex serpentine locomotion...
- **Crocodile**, slowly driven toward extinction by its own cannibalism of its young...and man's greed for its hide.
- **Eastern Diamondback**, responsible for more deaths in the U.S. than all other snakes combined...

Discover the action-photo excitement of the **WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS**

Send for *Reptiles & Amphibians* today for a 10-day free examination—and begin your journey into the lairs of the earth's deadliest creatures!



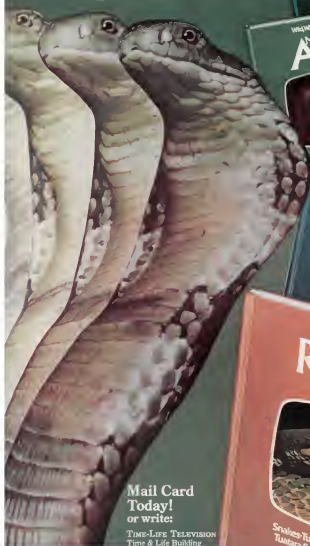
The poisonous tropical frog...toxin from his skin can paralyze on contact!



The WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS library takes you on an incredible photographic safari. You'll roam jungles and plains in *The Cats* to watch cheetahs, leopards and lions. You'll dive to the ocean's floor in *Dangerous Sea Creatures* to see the terrifying great white shark and the needle-sharp teeth of the barracuda. You'll enter the miniature world of *Insects & Spiders* to discover complex social structures. Future volumes such as *Monkeys & Apes*, *Elephants & Other Land Giants*, *Bears & Other Carnivores*, introduce you to all of the animal kingdom's astonishing creatures.

To examine *Reptiles & Amphibians* for 10 days free, mail the attached postage-paid card today!

**...18 feet of
swaying death!**



**Mail Card
Today!
or write:**

TIME-LIFE TELEVISION
Time & Life Building

**Bears &
Other Carnivores**

**Elephant
& Other Land Gl**

**Monkeys &
Apes**

**Birds
of Sea, Shore & Stream**

**Dangerous
Sea
Creatures**

Sharks Rays Electric Eels Octopuses
and Venomous Fish

**Reptiles
& Amphibians**



Snakes Turtles Lizards
Turtles Salamanders

VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL R. SESY

CONFUCIUS SAY WHEN YOU STEP OUT OF YOUR CLASS, BE SURE TO STEP DOWN

On Sept. 24 Oklahoma defeated Ohio State 29-28 in an exciting football game that exhibited balanced competition between two institutions with similar attitudes toward intercollegiate athletics. The football was impassioned, the entertainment was intoxicating, the recreation was wholesome and the receipts were lucrative.

That same Saturday, in one of its two non-conference games, Brown, an Ivy League school, beat Rhode Island, something less than a football giant, 28-10. In the fall of 1983, Brown will move out of its usual competitive environs to play Penn State, a perennial national power, at Beaver Stadium, the Nittany Lions' home field. Like the Penn State-Rutgers debacle earlier this season (Rutgers, which was undefeated last year, was routed 45-7 in that unhappy introduction to big-time football), the game probably will not

be competitive, nor entertaining, nor will it enhance the prestige of either school. But it will make money.

The economics are simple, at least at first glance. Last year Brown played before 113,330 fans in nine games—an average of 12,600 a game. While Brown Stadium seats only 20,000, Beaver Stadium has a 60,203-seat capacity and this season is sold out for the fifth consecutive year. In one afternoon, with hopefully 60,000 bodies in the seats instead of 12,000 or so, Brown will considerably increase its annual football revenue.

The covenant that binds the eight institutions known as "The Ivy Group" states that "under proper conditions intercollegiate competition in organized athletics offers desirable development and recreation for players. . . . These conditions further require that undue strain upon players and coaches be eliminated and that they be permitted to enjoy the game as participants in a form of recreational competition rather than as professional performers in public spectacles. . . . these conditions and requirements can best be fulfilled by denying to the fullest possible extent external pressures for competitive extremes." So saith the covenant.

That the Brown-Penn State game will exemplify the terms of "The Ivy Agreement" is, at best, a dubious assumption, or perhaps even wishful thinking. In the pursuit of money, Brown has ignored the high risk of embarrassment to which it is exposing its student-athletes, the very people for whom the sports program ostensibly exists. The two institutions view intercollegiate athletics in vastly different ways. Ivy League teams are prohibited from using either "specially recruited athletes" or freshmen and do not hold spring practice. They also play fewer games and lack anything near the depth of the Nittany Lions, who over the past decade have a 96-18-1 record and have beaten some of the top teams in the country. Brown was 32-54-4 against relatively modest competition.

While Brown has expressed no ambition to become a major independent nor Penn State a desire to join the Ivy League, the motives of both schools may just be those of the fabled farmer who entered his mule in the Kentucky Derby. When a friend told him the animal had no chance of winning, the farmer replied, "I know, but I thought the association would do him good." Ah, but good for what? **END**

CAN YOU OUTSMART OUR COMPUTER?

Don't be too sure. The computer built into Parker Brothers' new game Code Name: Sector™ is capable of making thousands of calculations per second. It's as powerful as early computers that filled entire rooms and sold for millions of dollars. And, while it gives you clues to track down and sink a hidden electronic submarine, it also helps the sub escape and counter-attack. That's the catch that makes every game a real challenge. Whether you're playing alone or against others, your toughest opponent is the computer. Code Name: Sector™, the new electronic board game from Parker Brothers. It's a game with a mind of its own.





PPG HELPS CHUCK MUNCIE SHATTER NFL LINES IN SHATTER-RESISTANT PLASTIC GLASSES.

One of the toughest Saints in New Orleans is a running back named Chuck Muncie. When he can't find a hole to run through, he usually makes one.

The only thing weak about Mr. Muncie are his eyes. And since they cannot accept contact lenses, he has to wear glasses—even when he's knocking people down.

But his glasses aren't made of glass. They are made of a unique, shatter-resistant optical plastic which is made from CR-39[®] monomer, a product of PPG.

Optical plastic lenses are just as good for people whose only contact sport is bridge. They are equal to glass lenses in optical properties and about half the weight. So they even make today's big high-fashion glasses more practical to wear.

Upgrading products and services is typical of how we market our chemicals, glass, coatings and resins, and fiber glass.

That's our way of doing business at PPG. We put more into our products so that our customers can get more out of them.

For a multi-industry company, it's a great way to grow.

PPG Industries, Inc., One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

**PPG: a Concern
for the Future**



INDUSTRIES

Pick the pump with more power.



☐ **WRONG PICK.** ☒ **RIGHT PICK.**

For most people, Right Guard's formula has more power against wetness than Ban Basic... for some people up to twice as much!



Don't get dressed without it.

(Three sprays recommended.) © THE GILLETTE COMPANY 1997

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

ALEX KARRAS, IMMORTALIZED IN 'PAPER LION,' NOW TACKLES AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The best pages of one of our best sports books involved a beefy pro football player who had a manic gift of gab and a heightened sense of life's absurdities. The book was George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*, and the player, need it be said, was Alex Karras. Plimpton brought out the best in Karras and vice versa, with the happy and memorable result that the book contains some of the zaniest tall-tale-telling to be found in print.

Paper Lion made something of a celebrity of Karras, as he quickly and graciously admits; he got to play himself in the successful movie adaption of the book, which in turn led to his less successful stint as the third mouth on *Monday Night Football*. That, in turn, seems to have led to a book Karras has done with Herb Gluck called *Even Big Guys Cry* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$8.95). There's surprisingly little of the vaunted Karras humor in it (maybe he misses Plimpton more than he realizes), but the book is not without its modest and surprising virtues.

To be perfectly frank, it's a book that I was prepared to dislike; the freshness and rough innocence of Karras' humor seemed to me to have worn away under the pressures of television, and I expected the book to be a collection of stale chuckles. It is not. The occasional laughs it contains are good ones, and as an account of Karras' life it is unexpectedly touching.

With obvious feeling, Karras describes his boyhood in Gary, Ind., where his father worked long hours for little money as the community doctor and Alex and his brothers played sandlot football. He tells about his youthful romances with an appealing witfulness and considerable candor. He has some tart words for a couple of famous footballers, Forest Evashevski and Otto Graham, whom he encountered as a young man. And he writes about his years with the Detroit Lions with affection.

On the subject of his suspension from pro football for alleged associations with gamblers, he makes a fairly convincing case for his innocence. On some other subjects he makes almost no case at all: *Monday Night Football* gets only a few paragraphs, and his well-publicized marital difficulties of recent years get none.

But most autobiographers keep a few cats in the bag, so that's no real surprise. What is a surprise is that *Even Big Guys Cry* gives the reader a genuine, and favorable, feeling for the kind of person its author is. **END**



ALL THESE FASHION JEANS FOR LESS THAN \$34? HOW THE DICKIES CAN YOU SWING IT?

It's simple.

1. Find your nearest Dickies dealer.
2. Look at the swinging styles, the fabulous fabrics, the daring details of Dickies Fashion Jeans.
3. Pay the tiny prices on the tags.

Are you a swinger? Then what the Dickies® are you waiting for?



ONE OF THE FEW LUXURY SEDANS IN THE WORLD THAT WOULDN'T BE LAUGHED OFF THE NÜRBURGRING.



In the heart of Germany there is a race course called the Nürburgring.

An awesome giant of a track, generally acknowledged to be the most arduous test of both cars and men.

All of the world's great high-performance cars have raced there—most have had their day.

Yet, few cars—and certainly no luxury sedans—have achieved a more impressive record on the Nürburgring than those built by the Bavarian Motor Works of Munich, Germany.

Luxury sedans? Yes. But luxury sedans built by racing engineers. German engineers who believe that

extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

PERFORMANCE PERFECTED ON THE RACE TRACK.

While it is, of course, feasible to develop an acceptable automobile in the relative vacuum of the test track and the laboratory, it is virtually impossible to simulate the perfection demanded by motor racing.

Motor racing enables BMW engineers to develop ideas and experiment without the inhibiting constraints of economics or the cost of production—a crucial role in the

development of a true high-performance automobile.

And the BMW 530i is a direct reflection of this cache of engineering intelligence.

Its suspension—independent on all four wheels—is quick and clean through the corners; its steering sharp and accurate.

Its four-speed manual transmission (automatic is available) slips precisely into each gear. And its acceleration comes up smoothly, with the turbine-like whine so characteristic of the justifiably renowned 3-liter BMW engine.



PARTICIPATION, NOT ISOLATION.

The interior of the conventional luxury sedan is deliberately engineered to isolate the driver from the mechanical workings of the automobile, the world outside and the road beneath.

The interior of the BMW 530i is carefully engineered to include the driver as one of the integral, functioning parts of the car itself—the human part that completes the mechanical circuit.

Careful study has been made of the critical interrelation between seat location, visual position, steering

wheel, pedals and controls.

Luxurious? Yes. Yet all functions have been assiduously planned to facilitate total, precise control at all times, under all conditions.

So successful is this integration of man and machine that when you drive the BMW 530i for the first time, you will experience an almost total oneness with the car. A unique feeling of effortless control which, if you're accustomed to conventional luxury sedans, will be completely and pleasantly new to you.

Surprising? Only to those who have never driven a BMW.

As the editors of Motor Trend magazine observed, "The reaction to a BMW is always the same. The first time driver takes the wheel and after a few minutes no other automobile will ever be the same again."

If the thought of owning such a car intrigues you, call us anytime, toll-free, at 800-243-6000 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500) and we'll arrange a thorough test drive for you at your convenience.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany



Now you can make the TV schedule fit your schedule.



"Now I can push a button
and tape anything on TV. And
watch it anytime I want."

"Now I can watch one
show while I tape another."

"Now I can tape shows
when I'm not even home."

"Now I can build a library
of the best on TV and
see it again and again."

Introducing the Zenith Video Cassette Recorder.



The quality goes in before the name goes on.[®]



Available as TV Recorder Console or as separate Recorder for use with any TV.

TOP: Model JVR500F, Combination Chromacolor 8 1/2" diagonal Medallionmas style console and built-in Video Cassette Recorder.

Cabinet of simulated wood and genuine Pease veneers plus select hardwood solids.

BOTTOM: Model JVR600W Video Cassette Recorder with cabinet of simulated wood in rich American Walnut grain finish.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

RUNAWAY

The nationwide running boom shows no signs of peaking, judging from the runaway sales of *The Complete Book of Running* by James F. Fixx. Published by Random House only two weeks ago, it is outselling every other book on the Random House list, is in its fourth printing with 85,000 copies off press and is No. 7 on the B Dalton book-chain list of best sellers and No. 8 in *The Washington Post*.

A former magazine editor, Fixx began running 10 years ago when his weight ballooned to 213½ pounds. Now a lean 159, he looks 10 years younger than his age (45) and is absolutely flabbergasted by the reception his book has received. "If it had sold 10,000 or 12,000 copies, I would have been perfectly happy," says Fixx, now on a promotional tour. There is one discordant note: he ran the New York City Marathon in a slow (for him) 3 hours and 27 minutes. Says Fixx, "Publicizing a running book is a lousy way to train."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Sakowitz, the Houston department store that sometimes out-Neimans Marcus, is offering just the thing for the jogger's Christmas stocking: a home jogging track. "Just provide us with at least one-eighth mile," says the Sakowitz catalog, "and we'll provide you with a stone-asphalt-based track coated with (easy on the feet) urethane." The price: \$62,500.

WORD FROM THE BIRD

A year ago at this time, Mark (the Bird) Fidrych, the rookie Tiger pitcher who had enthralled Detroit fans with his 19-victory season and his antics on the mound, would be putting on a ruffled shirt and a tuxedo to attend another banquet in his honor. Now the Bird gets up early in the morning in St. Petersburg, Fla., puts on jeans and goes to Huggins-Stengel field to work out with Detroit's team of neophytes in the Florida instructional league. He is testing his shoulder,

which was so racked by tendinitis this past season that the Tigers sent him home in August.

"When you're hurt, you wonder," the Bird says. "The wondering is over now. I can throw." Last week he worked two innings against the Phillies' youngsters and gave up only one scratch hit. Says the Bird, "I hope to have a better third year than any year I've ever had. What's going to happen will happen. I'm still playing. If I win, the people'll come out. If I lose, they won't. Correct me if I'm wrong."

BURRI

The new Oakland franchise in the North American Soccer League has been nicknamed the Stompers after "the forgotten heroes of the wine industry, the men and women who used to stomp the grapes." It gets worse. The booster club has been named the Winetasters; the season-ticket holders, the Connoisseurs; and the youth group, the Tiny Bubbles. Wait, there's more yet. The three decks of the Oakland Coliseum are to be divided into Champagne, Chablis and Rosé sections, and a dancing group of cheerleaders is called the Corkpoppers.

BEEBLEMANIA

The Tokyo Entomological Society chartered 30 buses on a weekend to take members on a field trip, and Japanese department stores devote sections to books on insects and insect-collecting equipment. In the opinion of Dr. Ross H. Arnett Jr., a biology professor at Siena College in Loudonville, N.Y., Americans would do well to emulate the Japanese and take up insect collecting as a pastime or sport. "Compared to photography or even fishing, the equipment is inexpensive, and the exercise is great," Dr. Arnett says. "And beetles are a great place to start."

Beetles, says Arnett, who is directing the massive North American Beetle Fauna Project, which aims to identify every single beetle in the U.S., Mexico and Canada, are the most successful order

of life on earth. With 300,000 named species, beetles comprise about a quarter of the grand total of 1,122,637 known species of life. There are more species of beetles than of plants, and new ones are being discovered at the rate of 1,500 a year, Arnett notes. Some entomologists hold that only 10% of the beetles that exist have been discovered.

Arnett, who has worked at the Smithsonian and taught at Catholic University and at Purdue (where he bucked heads with the dean, Earl Butz, who didn't want him going out of Indiana to collect), got involved in beetles when he was a sophomore at Cornell 38 years ago. Part of the excitement of beetle collecting is that they come in all shapes and sizes and occupy every habitat in the world except the open sea. The largest, heaviest and probably the strongest insect in the world



is the Goliath beetle of equatorial Africa. It is bigger than a mouse and has a wingspread of almost a foot. The hairy-winged beetles, the *Ptilidae*, which live in the spore tubes of fungus, are the tiniest insects, smaller than the period at the end of this sentence.

Weevils are beetles with snouts. The town of Enterprise, Ala. has the only monument to a pest in the world. It was erected "in profound appreciation" to the boll weevil, which toppled King Cotton but caused farmers who switched to peanuts to prosper. Hear that, Jimmy Carter!

The earth as we know it, Arnett says, could not survive without beetles, which

continued

Maybe your higher gas bill is lower than you think.

Almost everyone is getting a bigger gas bill these days. One important reason is this—your gas company is paying much more for the gas it buys now.

Most gas companies are paying two to three times what they did in 1970.

Nobody likes paying bigger bills. But did you ever think what a good value gas is, even at these higher prices?

Most families heat and cook with gas for less than \$2 a day.

Compare this to what you're spending for other things. \$2 for a few pork chops. Well over that for a pound of coffee. And at least \$5 to have a pair of shoes half-soled.

When you think how much everything else costs, keeping your family warm all day long, cooking their meals, and having the hot water you need is really a pretty big two



dollars' worth, is *left* on a national average, it's even less than two dollars a day.

Gas is still your best energy value.

It's not just gas rates that are going up. All forms of energy are facing increased costs, and projections by energy experts show that gas will keep its longtime position as the best energy

value. You can be sure your gas company wants to keep it that way as much as you do.

Conserve gas, too. Wasted gas costs you money.

Insulate your attic floor so you don't lose heat. Use storm windows. Make your whole house weathertight. Turn your thermostat down, too. You'll be conserving America's cleanest fuel.

AGA American Gas Association 

THE PLATTER IS THE MOTOR.

Fisher introduces a major advance in audio technology:
the linear motor 120 pole, direct drive turntable.

One of the problems in improving direct drive turntable performance is reducing wow & flutter due to cogging action of the motor.

With its limited number of poles (usually 12) and its relatively slow operating speed, most conventional direct drive systems also have an inherent problem of low starting torque.

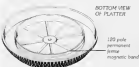
To solve these problems, Fisher has engineered the linear motor, direct drive system. The new Fisher MT6225.

In effect, the platter becomes the turntable's motor. And Fisher's 120 pole design practically eliminates cogging action, and lowers wow & flutter to a totally inaudible 0.03%.

The linear motor direct drive system further reduces turntable rumble to an extremely low -70 dB, far below hearing level.

HOW IT WORKS

A continuous band of ferrite material, containing 120 magnetic poles, is attached to the inside bottom rim of the platter. To start platter rotation, each pole opposes one of the electromagnetic drivers on the base top. Each of the 120 poles is attracted or repelled as it passes the driving electromagnets for smooth, stable operation.



An electronic sensing device monitors the platter's speed, and acts as a servo-feedback control to maintain

practically perfect speed accuracy. Built-in strobe and pitch controls are provided.

The speed accuracy of the system is independent of line voltage fluctuations.

THE ARM

The Fisher MT6225 is equipped with a professional-type gimbal tone arm for performance to equal its technically advanced motor design.

The arm accepts all standard cartridges. The auto-return system, which returns the arm to rest at end of a record, is designed with no restraints on its lateral or vertical motion during operation.

The arm has adjustable tracking force with calibrated



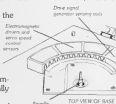
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SCORECARD continued

serve as food for fish, birds and other wildlife. Moreover, beetles consume plant matter and carrion that are recycled into the soil. The scarab beetles feast on dung. "It's nutritious," says Arnett. "I'm not saying it's delicious."

RECYCLED CYCLES

Torrance, Calif. and Anchorage, Alaska have started bicycle programs that other communities might wish to look at—and ponder. They are using lost or stolen bikes, which haven't been claimed from the police, to supply free rides to the public.

The Torrance program, which began last year, was suggested by Jeff Bartick, a playground director, who said that some residents who wanted to ride in park-sponsored group excursions lacked wheels. The city council approved a pilot plan, and the Park and Recreation Department picked out 10 bikes from a police warehouse and restored them. All a resident has to do is make a reservation. No identification is necessary, and so far the program has worked well.

Such is not the case in Anchorage: The Alaska Center for the Environment reconditioned 70 bikes, painted them white for easy identification and put them in brightly colored racks in the downtown shopping area for public use. All 70 bikes disappeared. Undismayed, the center placed another 90 bikes downtown. Eighty of them disappeared. Some have been found abandoned in outlying areas of the city and in the boomdocks, and the hope is that most will be recovered before snow buries them.

Still the environmentalists are not discouraged. They're planning to put out a third batch of bikes on the theory that the public has to get used to getting something for nothing.

NORTHERN KNIGHTS

Think you're through with Anchorage, eh? Get this. Anchorage is going to play in the Eastern Basketball League this season. Yes, the Eastern Basketball League, with such teams as Providence, R.I.; Quincy, Mass.; Asbury Park, N.J.; and Lancaster, Scranton and Allentown, Pa.—all a mere 5,000 miles away.

The Anchorage team, to be known as the Northern Knights, is the brainchild of Jack Brushert, who has served as general manager of the successful Anchorage Glacier Pilots baseball team for the last eight years. Brushert has hired Bill Klu-

continued

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steel blades to get closer to the skin than ever before.

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**If he'd come from a different generation,
chances are he wouldn't be where he is today.**

Today, Mervil Johnson is well on his way to the career he dreams about—international business.

He's already been graduated by Texas Christian University in Fort Worth, where he participated in the honors program in both French and Spanish.

And now this 23-year-old Texan has completed advanced studies in Nice, France, at the Institut d'Administration des Entreprises (the business school) of the Université de Nice.

What made his year abroad possible was an ITT International Fellowship.

Mervil was one of 66 ITT Fellows last year.

Half were American graduates who went to study abroad, the other half foreign students who came here.

In all, over 250 young men and women have been helped along in their careers by the ITT International Fellowship Program. But certainly none typifies better what the program is all about than Mervil.

His mother, who has six other children, sums up what education means to her son: "It's the thing that opens doors for him."

**The best ideas are the
ideas that help people. ITT**

A black and white photograph of Joe Namath, a well-known American football player, smiling and looking directly at the camera. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. In his right hand, he holds a white bottle of Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer. The bottle has a black cap and a label that reads "NEW", "BRUT 33", "Skin Moisturizer", "FOR MEN", "ON FACE, HANDS, BODY", and "AFTER SHAVE".

I'm not entering any beauty contests. So why do I use a skin moisturizer?

—Joe Namath

Because shaving, wind, weather and old man sunshine can make a man's skin feel dry, chapped and uncomfortable.

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Sho-Fits... soft, luxurious comfort that lasts! Wool/Nylon yarns prevent sagging or binding. True rib top covers knee or can be worn cuffed. Matching cap of the finest quality 100% Wool. Inset on Wigwam... anything else is a substitute.



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SCORECARD continued

cas, a scout for the Houston Rockets, as coach for \$2,000 a month, plus a house and car and bonuses, depending on how high the team finishes. Among the players trying out are Freeman Blade, recently cut by the Phoenix Suns; Jerry Thurston, dropped by Golden State; and Matthew Hicks, the top scorer for Northern Illinois University last year.

The Northern Knights, who already have a radio contract, said to be the first for pro sports in Alaska, will play 21 home games in a local high school gym and 10 games on the road. To make sure opponents show up in Anchorage, the Northern Knights will pay their round-trip air fare, which will come to about \$7,000 per team. Tickets are scaled from \$5 to \$9, and Brushert says that with concessions, yearbook sales, and advertising and radio income, the team can break even with an average attendance of 1,200. However, he expects that the Knights will draw an average of 2,500. "We are in a unique situation up here," says Brushert. "There's nothing much to do. So we feel that if you put on a good show, it's a good sports situation."

BLAST FROM THE PAST

Captain John Smith ran all over Pocahontas when they met recently. Smith, the captain and fullback for the Wynne, Ark. high school team, gained 226 yards in an upset of unbeaten Pocahontas High, 35-6.

THE \$5 MILLION BOY?

Jockey Steve Cauthen, 17, is having a year without peer. A couple of weeks ago he became the first jockey to win more than \$5 million in purses. Cauthen broke the record of \$4,709,500 set by Angel Cordero in 1976. "Steve don't give the record long," said Cordero. "He just go out and break her."

Now Cauthen is driving hard for \$6 million. Last week he won 10 races, including the \$200,000 Washington, D.C. International, to push his earnings up to \$5.5 million. Whatever the final total, Cauthen's record is stunning, especially considering that he did not get to ride in the Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont and also missed a month because of injuries suffered in a fall.

Moreover, Cauthen is virtually assured of becoming only the second jockey in the last 35 years to lead the country in total earnings, total winners and winning percentage. The first to do it was Willie

Shoemaker, who has turned this trick four times. Shoe, however, did not win the jockey triple until his fifth season. Cauthen has been riding for a grand total of 18 months.

FATHERS & SONS (CONT.)

Speaking of fathers and sons in football, as we did several weeks ago, it would be hard to top the quartet that showed up for freshman practice at Dartmouth this fall.

There was David Shula, a split end and safety, since elected a co-captain, son of Don, the Miami Dolphin coach; Jeff Kemp, a quarterback, son of Jack, the former Buffalo Bill quarterback who is now a Congressman; Len Jardine Jr., a split end and halfback, son of the former coach at Brown; and Frank Ryan Jr., a quarterback who quit after 10 days, son of the ex-Cleveland quarterback who is Yale's athletic director.

PUMPING BODY-BUILDING

Ben Weider of Montreal, the founder and president of the International Federation of Body Builders, last week received word that the 1979 Asian Games will include body-building as a demonstration sport. More significant for Weider, Monique Berlioux, the executive director of the International Olympic Committee, wrote to congratulate him, a gesture that gives Weider new hope that body-building will someday be an Olympic sport.

Weider says that still another country, Afghanistan, has joined the body-builders federation, upping the total to 97. He bristles, however, at the Sovetski Sport articles attacking body-builders in the U.S.S.R. (SCORECARD, Nov. 7). The criticism, says Weider, was instigated by a weight lifter and "was provoked, quite simply, by sheer jealousy. The two sports attract a similar type of people, and weight lifters are angry at the rapid growth and popularity of body-building in the Soviet Union, both in terms of numbers participating and crowds attending competition. There is no doubt that body-building has taken members away from weight lifting... and the weight lifters don't like it."

THEY SAID IT

• Bert Jones, Baltimore Colts quarterback, on his career after football: "I'd like to be an entrepreneur. They threw that word about in economics and I always wondered what it meant." **END**



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

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IS THIS HORSE

Now listen very carefully. This is the story of two racehorses from Uruguay, one the best in that nation's history, the other a \$600 castoff. It is the tale of a veterinarian who tends thoroughbreds as illustrious as Secretariat, of an elegant blonde shopping for a saddle horse in Montevideo, of a jockey not famed for his virtue bringing home a \$7-to-1 shot at Belmont Park, of workouts in the dark of night, of a dead horse in a town dump, of a \$10,000 bet that went wrong and a \$1,300 bet that went right. It is the case of a ringer at America's most famous racecourse and a \$150,000 insurance fraud.

Nothing like this has ever happened at any of New York's celebrated tracks—Aqueduct, Belmont Park and Saratoga—which draw five million people a year and \$1.1 billion in bets on America's champions. Or has it? There have been shady cases "out of town" at tracks like Florida Downs and Hazel Park and at those nasty places up in New England that seem to court trouble. But the aristocratic Establishment of the sport never suspected the same sort of shenanigans could happen on its own turf.

To set the scene: it is Sept. 23, 1977, the last race on a murky Friday afternoon at Belmont. Rain is falling as a field of 12 sweeps into the final turn. Lebon, the long shot at 57 to 1, is leading easily by two lengths, his neck arched with the pride of a chess knight. Through the stretch Lebon increases his lead and wins by four lengths without being menaced. When the lights flash on the infield tote board, they show a \$2 win bet on Lebon is worth \$116, the biggest payoff in New York in months.



This is a Uruguayan photo of the country's all-time champion, Orzoso, who came to the U.S. in June

As always when a long shot wins, bettors in the stands reexamine their *Racing Forms* to see what they missed in the horse's past performances. The *Form* shows Lebon is from Uruguay, that he has not won in 10 months, that he finished 11th of 12 starters two weeks before at Belmont in his first race in the U.S. A single mediocre workout is listed. His earnings for 1976 total \$711. His races in Uruguay were sprins on the dirt. His Belmont upset has been accomplished on grass over 1½ miles. Without

inside information, a bet on Lebon at Belmont would have been stupid.

But at this moment Mark Gerard, a 43-year-old veterinarian, is stepping up to the \$50 cashier's window in the Belmont clubhouse. He is recognized as he puts down \$1,300 worth of win tickets and \$600 worth of show tickets on Lebon. In the preceding half-hour Gerard had roamed back and forth from Window 226 in the grandstand, where \$50 tickets are sold. His conduct was noticed, but he was not recognized. Gerard bought a

THAT HORSE?

Racing officials have been trying to answer that question and others—like where is the \$150,000 corpse—since learning that a ringer ran at Belmont by WILLIAM LEGGETT

handful of tickets on Lebón, went out to look at the odds board, then returned for more. Now that his selection, No. 2, has come home in front, Gerard gathers up \$80,440 in cash.

The Sept. 23 race—and its outcome—make more sense visualized another way, the way Belmont officials see it now. Forget Lebón and substitute in his place a horse called Cinzano. He, too, was bred and raced in Uruguay, but his form is brilliant. Cinzano ran eight times at Maronas, the Belmont Park of Montevideo, and won seven times. In his only defeat at that track he was bumped badly and injured, but still managed to finish second to Mogambó, one of the best runners in all of South America.

On his past form Cinzano would have run away with that Sept. 23 race at Belmont. He would have been the favorite, not a 57-to-1 shot. Because Cinzano is not Mr. Ed, the talking horse, it has taken more than a month to unravel the ringer case, which is what New York stewards say it is. They say the animal racing on Sept. 23 was not Lebón, that it could have been—in fact, almost certainly was—Cinzano.

The tipoff that something was amiss came with a phone call on Oct. 14 from a Uruguayan newspaperman to Bud Hyland, who serves as The Jockey Club steward in New York. Hyland was told Lebón could not have won the race, that the winner probably was Cinzano. The reporter gave no explanation as to how he knew this. There were rumors in New York last week that a blonde who allegedly plunged \$10,000 on "Lebón" in his first U.S. start on Sept. 9, dropping the price on the horse from \$5 to 1 to 7 to 1



And this is the ringer who went to the post as "Lebón" and won at 57 to 1 at Belmont on Sept. 23

at post time, was not told the horse would win his second start, and in her anger at being stifled, alerted the Uruguayan newspaperman to the scam.

In any case, *El País*, a newspaper in Montevideo, asked the Associated Press for the winner's circle picture from the Sept. 23 race, and on the basis of that declared that Lebón was actually Cinzano.

By Oct. 25, the New York State Racing and Wagering Board was sufficiently convinced of hanky-panky to suspend the licenses of Gerard, who had imported

Cinzano and Lebón, and 32-year-old Jack Morgan, who owned and trained the horse running as Lebón on Sept. 23.

How and when and why the horses were switched, if indeed they were, is still to be determined, though certain details are known. On the evening of June 3, 1977 Cinzano and Lebón were loaded on a turboprop plane in Carrasco, Uruguay. The aircraft, which also carried six Argentinian horses, continued to Tocumen Airport in Panama City to pick up another horse named Boots Colonoero.

continued



The real Lebón, according to Uruguayan officials.

BELMONT SWINDLE continued

who was also consigned to Gerard. In the case of Lebón and Cinzano, import papers show Dr. Gerard was acting as an agent in the purchase of the horses. Lebón was bought for \$1,600 in Uruguay (after being sold at public auction shortly before for \$600). Gerard sold him to Jack Morgan, who had served as one of his veterinary assistants for several years, for just under \$10,000. Similarly, the Uruguayan owner of Cinzano received

Jack Morgan, trainer of the ringer, goes to court



\$81,000 for his horse, and Gerard turned him over to Tenally, N.J. millionaire Joseph Taub for \$150,000. Normally, an agent charges 10% commission, but Gerard had marked up Morgan's purchase 600% and Taub's 85%.

No identifying photographs accompanied the three horses on the flight, which arrived at 3:20 p.m. June 4 at Kennedy Airport in New York. However, there were diagrams of their markings to help ascertain which animal was which. Lebón was listed as a bay 5-year-old with a white star on his face and Cinzano a bay 4-year-old with a white star on his face and an easy-to-miss inch-long scar on his left shoulder. Cinzano's star, as *El País* was to note, was longer, lower and more irregular in shape than Lebón's.

The animals were met by Gerard, Eugene Hammer of Cardinal Air Services, which was handling the shipment, and a U.S. Department of Agriculture vet. Blood samples were taken to make sure the horses were not suffering from contagious diseases, and the horses were placed in a Lufthansa holding pen as they waited to be shipped to the USDA quarantine station in Clifton, N.J. Once there, the horses were isolated from other shipments and placed in quarantine until their blood samples were passed by the USDA lab, a procedure that normally takes from 48 to 72 hours.

There is often haste in unloading flights, and with nine horses aboard, this one was no different. Hammer says, "We move the animals quickly, and as the horses are led one by one down the ramp, vets say, O.K., this one's Jack Jones, and start taking down markings. Then as another horse follows, they may realize the second horse is Jack Jones, not the first. With two bay horses with stars, it could be that the names on their head collar plates were what caught the USDA vet's eye. That is a poor means of identification. En route, a groom may have to remove head collars to calm the horses and when he puts them back on, he can place them on the wrong horses."

Lebón and Cinzano were cleared by USDA chemists, and on June 11 were vanned to Gerard's Muttontown, L.I. home. The next evening Cinzano is said to have suffered a fractured skull and broken ankle at Gerard's farm. Reportedly, Gerard learned of the accident while dining with friends, including horseman Frank Wright. Gerard left the dinner party and asked Wright to bring one of the

guests back to his home if he did not return shortly. Wright did as he was asked and says that on arriving at Gerard's home he learned that the animal had been destroyed. He saw the body of a bay in the stable area.

At the time he was shipped to the U.S., Cinzano was insured for \$150,000. The policy was written by the General Adjustment Bureau of Jericho, N.Y. on a London firm, and it was to the GAB that Gerard would have had to report, while the animal was still alive, that Cinzano had massive injuries.

When GAB representatives were queried about their handling of the Cinzano case last week, they were cautious. "We have an obligation to our customers not to discuss this matter," said Manager Pete Lombardo. "We're not talking. We didn't do anything wrong."

Before insurance companies pay off on a claim, two veterinarians, one acting on behalf of the owner, the second for the insurer, must 1) certify that the horse is actually dead, 2) that the body resembles the insured horse and 3) that the cause of death is plausible—and this normally requires an autopsy. Did GAB have the signatures of two vets? "Right," said Lombardo. Could one vet call in another, one he wanted to verify a death? "They're professional men," said Lombardo. "They take the Hippocratic Oath, or something. We had no reason to be suspicious of Dr. Gerard. After all, he was the vet for Secretariat, wasn't he?"

Gerard signed an insurance claim on behalf of Taub (who was paid off in August). The second vet, whose name is



on the document, is a longtime Gerard friend, Dr. Hap Hemphill. Hemphill is not talking.

In recent years Gerard has taken to wheeling and dealing in bloodstock, on the side, while increasing his veterinary practice. He has been importing thoroughbreds from South America, and there are horsemen who believe he has raced some of these under other people's names while retaining ownership. Many states forbid vets to own horses at tracks where they practice.

"I know Doc Gerard," says Jack Price, who owned and trained Carry Back. "I always got along with him fine. In reading about Lebon and Cinzano I get the feeling that he must be a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But I haven't been around him much in recent years. Certain things about this case make no sense whatsoever. Why would a vet with such a practice risk his career to pick up some money on a bet if he ran a ringer? Hell, a guy with his practice can make \$250,000 a year just giving Butazolidin shots."

Gerard has drawn suspicion for a number of reasons. An elegant blonde who identified herself as Mrs. Gerard and who indeed resembled Alice Gerard (a tall, thin, stylish horsewoman of around 40) visited Uruguay and told Roberto Forné, who owned Cinzano, that she was buying Lebon to ride, not to race. The Uruguayans were suspicious about her shipping a cheap animal like Lebon such a long distance. It would seem a costly way to acquire a saddle horse. In the opinion of the South Americans, Lebon was finished as a racehorse, but his record (he

won the first three starts of his career) might have appeared good enough to an American unfamiliar with Uruguayan racing—a Jack Morgan.

During September the Gerards appeared daily at Barn 59 at Belmont, where Lebon was stabled. A trainer whose horses are bedded down close by says, "I believed Gerard owned and was training the horse, though Morgan was the trainer of record. Since Saratoga I've been arriving at the track at 4:30 a.m.—the time most people come to work—and finding the Gerards already cooling out their horses. They were working them in the pitch black and were secretive."

Morgan's role in the affair is a mystery. He has admitted he won less than \$2,000 on Lebon in the Sept. 23 race, but said that he had never been suspicious that the animal Gerard sent to him was a ringer. Indeed, Morgan said he would take a lie-detector test. It could be that he was an innocent. But before "Lebon's" first start, Morgan allegedly approached a vet working for another trainer and asked if he would check the horse's mouth to see if he could ascertain the animal's age. The vet declined to inspect the horse, knowing Gerard was caring for him. One might have thought Morgan, who had experience as a vet's assistant, could check out the teeth himself. However, South American horses are born in the fall of the year, rather than in the spring—so Morgan might have been confused. Why he did not ask Gerard, who was on the scene daily, is another matter. Was he suspicious?

Racetrackers, a notoriously distrustful lot, are asking questions about other matters. For instance, was it significant that Larry Adams, a 41-year-old journeyman jockey who has a reputation for riding long shots and who not long ago was reinstated after a lengthy suspension related to drugs, rode "Lebon"?

Then there is the mystery blonde who is said to have bet the bundle on "Lebon's" first Belmont start. Is she Christa Mancusa, a 5'2", 40-year-old, blue-eyed German who for years has raced horses in New York and Florida? Two of the men whom Dr. Gerard hired to train animals for Mancusa never met the woman, though she sent them monthly checks.

Who performed the autopsy on the bay horse said to be Cinzano and why was he removed from the Muttontown premises by Anthony Minieri of Dix



Dr. Mark Gerard, importer of Lebon and Cinzano

Hills, N.Y., and—after Minieri had paid a \$5 fee—thrown into the Huntington town dump? The dump register shows a 7-year-old bay (not a 4-year-old, as Cinzano was), with head injuries, being brought in. Dump officials say 60,000 tons of garbage now rest on the head of the bay with the fractured skull.

To try to make some sense of the swindle and find out if Cinzano is indeed the ringer, Joseph Mayer of the New York State Racing and Wagering Board, two New York vets, the registrar of The Jockey Club and a detective traveled to Uruguay last weekend to take blood samples of the relatives of the horses involved and question the South American principals. But to make a case against Gerard, authorities will have to produce evidence that he or agents acting with his consent knowingly switched horses or that he made false statements in order to collect the insurance on Cinzano.

Another necessity would seem to be to establish a foolproof method of registering horses entering the U.S. As things now stand, one could import a mule as a thoroughbred and it might go unnoticed. Unfortunately, The Jockey Club believes honorable people do honorable things and that most people in racing are honest. But the game has changed—as the Cinzano/Lebon affair has demonstrated all too well.

END



This assembly grave is where the bay is buried

THE INTEREST CENTERS ON THE CENTRAL

After Cincinnati upset Cleveland, the NFL's toughest division had the tightest race, the Browns leading their three AFC rivals by a game **by RON REID**

Like fighters sitting in their corners, Cleveland and Cincinnati lie at the distal ends of Ohio, 244 miles apart as the crow flies but light years in charm, beauty, baseball and places to meet the opposite sex. Until last Sunday there was a great gap between Cleveland and Cincinnati in the AFC's Central Division, too, but just when the Browns seemed ready to deck the Bengals for the count, Cincinnati rose up and stunned the crowd of 81,932 in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium with a 10-7 victory in a penalty-filled bout. By upsetting the first-place Browns, the Bengals also turned the NFL's toughest division into the NFL's tightest division, with Cleveland at 5-3 now holding only a one-game lead over Pittsburgh, Houston and, that's right, Cincinnati. Stay tuned.

Cincinnati came north with a 3-4 record and a look of desperation. One more loss, the Bengals knew, and they could count on spending the Christmas holiday playoffs, not to mention Super Bowl Sunday, at home. So the Bengals immediately employed the one strategy that had always bailed them out. That is the passing of Quarterback Ken Anderson as programmed by the Bengal assistant coaches perched in the press box.

Anderson, who had missed parts of Cincinnati's three previous games because of the aftereffects of knee and thigh injuries, has never been mentioned alongside Staubach or Tarkenton as a quarterback with flair, but he wasted no time trying to establish his around game or feeling out the Cleveland defense. On Cincinnati's first possession Anderson skillfully mixed the pass with the run and, aided by three offside whistles against Cleveland End Joe (Turkey) Jones, moved the Bengals 74 yards to a touchdown in just five plays. On a first down Anderson hit Lenvil Elliott over the middle for 19 yards, and on a second-and-six call at the Browns' 41 he pitched to

Isaac Curtis, who had been a doubtful starter because of a knee injury, for 30 yards down the sideline—and a first down at the Cleveland 11.

Anderson then did another smart thing. He gave the ball to rookie Fullback Pete Johnson, the 6' 1/2", 250-pound bull who scored 58 touchdowns in his four years at Ohio State. Johnson broke through or knocked down Jerry Sherk, Dick Ambrose and Tony Peters on his way to the end zone.

Except for those occasions when Greg Pruitt gets loose from his jersey on a scintillating game-breaking run, Cleveland's offense is basically a nickel-and-dime attack, featuring the short-yardage passes of Quarterback Brian Sipe. Twice Sipe slowly moved the Browns inside the Cincinnati 25-yard line, but both times Cleveland came away empty, as first Cleo Miller fumbled the ball to the Bengals and then Don Cockroft missed a 40-yard field-goal try.

Undaunted, Sipe launched another interminable drive from midfield late in the second quarter. Reggie Rucker's sensational sideline catch kept the march alive, and four plays later Sipe passed four yards to Tight End Oscar Roan for the touchdown that tied the game 7-7.

But that was it for the Cleveland offense, and, for that matter, that was it for the Cincinnati attack, too. Sipe was intercepted twice in the second half, and he had another potential scoring drive aborted by another Miller fumble. Nor were the Browns helped by the 73 yards they lost on 12 penalties. Sipe also was sacked twice and Pruitt once for minus 30 yards in all.

Meanwhile, Cincinnati's defense, anchored by rookie Linemen Wilson Whitley and Eddie Edwards, kept the usually elusive Pruitt in tight check. Pruitt had rushed for more than 150 yards against New England and Kansas City, but the Bengals limited him to just 54 in 15



PHOTOGRAPH BY HEADKLIETMEIER

carries—and ripped off only one of his jerseys.

Cincinnati scored what proved to be the winning points when Chris Bahr kicked a 47-yard field goal following a Cleveland fumble early in the third quarter. All season long the Browns' Cockroft had been the best clutch field-goal kicker in the league, winning the Houston game with a 30-yarder in the last three seconds and the New England game with a 35-yarder in overtime. But Cockroft not only had his string of seven straight field goals end when he missed from the 40, he did not even get a chance to tie the game in the second half.

The Bengals thus gained a small measure of revenge for the 13-3 defeat that the Browns had handed them in the first game of the season. Before that Sunday, Cincinnati was rated as the best team in the division, better even than Pittsburgh, while Cleveland was considered an also-



Rookie fullback Pete Johnson steamrolled through Cleveland defenders on his 11-yard touchdown stamp that gave Cincinnati a 7-0 lead in the first quarter.

ran. But injuries have struck the Bengals hard, sidelining Anderson, Tight End Bob Trumpy, Safety Tommy Cisanova and Running Backs Archie Griffin, Boobie Clark and Johnson, along with Curtis, the burner receiver. In fact, through the Bengals' first seven games Coach Bill (Tiger) Johnson was forced to start a different set of running backs each week. Worse still, Curtis has been off form even when healthy, catching only 15 passes in the Bengals' first seven games. He caught five against the Browns but later re-injured his knee and departed the locker room on crutches.

"Our passing attack has been different," said Anderson, who has thrown only two TD passes this season after connecting on 19 last year. "We've wanted to concentrate on our rushing game in order to be more consistent. We didn't want to have to go into a game knowing we'd have to throw the ball 30 times to

win." Against the Browns, Anderson threw only 19 passes, completing 14 for 153 yards.

While the Bengals have been dogged by bad luck, the Browns have had fortune on their side. For instance, when Coach Forrest Gregg gave Sipe the quarterback job and traded Mike Phipps to Chicago, he received a fourth-round draft choice that turned out to be Mickey Sims, a 6' 5", 282-pound defensive tackle from South Carolina State. Needing a replacement for Tackle All-Pro Jerry Sherk, who missed Cleveland's first four games with a knee injury, Gregg tried Sims, and the rookie performed better than Gregg could have dreamed. Gregg also has received unexpected help from Running Back Cleo Miller, Tight End Gary Parris and rookie Cornerback Oliver Davis, not to mention Punter Greg Coleman. No. 2 draft choice Tom Skladany of Ohio State was expected to han-

dle Cleveland's punting chores, but he never came to terms with the Browns. Coleman, a 1976 draft choice who was cut, has averaged 38.3 yards per punt and leads the NFL in kicking the ball out of bounds inside the 20-yard line.

Gregg, the former Green Bay tackle, has been asked "one million times" if he is another Vince Lombardi. His answer: "There will never be another Vince Lombardi, and I don't try to be him. I try to be myself because players can spot a phony 10 miles off."

Says Pruitt, "Because of Forrest's leadership, we are where we are. He never lets us relax even when we win. With Forrest, you've got to play a good football game, win or lose. One of his favorite sayings is, 'What have you done lately?'—not 'What have you done?'"

Unfortunately for Gregg, what the Browns did last Sunday was turn the AFC Central into a four-team battle. **AND**



Evert got \$100,000 for leading the way to Palm Springs and \$75,000 for stopping King 6-2, 6-2

AN AMBUSH ON THE COMEBACK TRAIL

Billie Jean King had won three straight tournaments, but once again her nemesis was Chris Evert, who beat her to win the Colgate **by WALTER BINGHAM**

Chris Evert says she's going to cut back on her tennis-playing schedule next year, ease the pressure a bit. The rest of the women on the pro tour, especially Billie Jean King, think that's a great idea. Take all the time you want, kid. Billie Jean, battling to come back, met Chris, eager to take off, in the finals of the Colgate Series Championship last week and finished a decisive second. The matches, held at the Mission Hills Country Club near Palm Springs, included the top eight players in the world according to Colgate's 24-tournament rating system. Evert needed some luck to reach

the final, but once there she showed why the women hope she has a lovely—and extended—vacation.

There was reason to believe King had a chance. She had been playing well, Evert just so-so, and the surface was cement, not as much to King's liking as Wimbledon grass but far better than Forest Hills clay. At 1-2 in the first set, Evert serving, King won three straight points to lead love-40. Three chances to break serve. But hitting shots to the absolute back corners of the court, Evert climbed back and won the game. "I took a good look at her when I won that game," said

Evert later. "She seemed affected by it."

Destroyed would be more like it. Evert rattled off nine of the next 10 games on her way to winning 6-2, 6-2. Not once did King break service and at no time did she resemble the player who had raced through three opponents to reach the final.

"It's because Chris plays better against me than she does against anyone else," King said later.

"That's true," agreed Evert. "I still think of Billie Jean as the favorite. After all, when I first started playing her, I was just a 16-year-old kid and she was already a legend."

One month ago there seemed little chance that the legend would qualify for the tournament. She was No. 10 in the Colgate standings in early October, but successive wins in Phoenix, Brazil and Puerto Rico got her to Palm Springs in style. In fact, she wound up third on the list behind Evert and Betty Stove, a stroke of good fortune that put her into a round-robin bracket with Stove, Wendy Turnbull and Kerry Reid, a laughier compared to the other half—Evert, Virginia Wade, Martina Navratilova and Dianne Fromholtz.

King seemed delighted with her role as the aging veteran on the comeback trail. The evening before play began, when the women players received huge bonus checks from Colgate—Evert's was \$100,000 for finishing first on the point list—King was ebullient. And after winning her first match, while Evert was losing hers, she was even more exhilarated.

"But I'm playing on borrowed time," she said. "Young players look to the future. I've been there. I'll quit when my knees tell me to." She did not say they would have to tear the uniform off her back.

In November 1976 Billie Jean underwent knee surgery for the third time, and since then she has been striving to regain her mobility. And possibly more. Her goal is another Wimbledon title, preferably in singles, which would give her a record 20. After surgery she spent two months in Montreal working out six hours a day—weight-lifting, running, hitting tennis balls by the thousand. With the Apples of World Team Tennis, she would rise early in New York and go to a gym to lift weights, often training side

by side with Spencer Haywood of the Knicks.

But progress on the court came slowly, and Evert was often the reason. King reached the finals of the Family Circle Cup, but Evert wiped her out. At Wimbledon she again ran into Evert, this time in the quarters, and again Evert beat her easily. Same thing at Forest Hills. Approaching 34, with three scars on her knees, there was good reason to think Billie Jean would never win again, at least nothing prestigious. But then came the three straight tour victories and the trip to Palm Springs.

The four-day round-robin matches leading to the Evert-King final were held at night in temperatures so cold that those few fans who showed up carrying parkas and blankets looked more a part of a Harvard-Yale football crowd. The lighting at Forest Hills was splendid for the players, but the harsh glare of the freshly painted lines of the court dazzled the linesmen into a rash of frightful calls.

One such call almost put Evert out of the tournament. It did cost her the first set in her opening match against Fromholtz. The two reached 6-6 in games, then 4-4 in the nine-point tie break. Set point both ways. After a rally, Fromholtz hit the ball several inches beyond the baseline, giving the set to Evert. Or did it? All eyes were riveted on the linesman, who tentatively turned palms down, signaling the ball in. There were whistles and shouts. Chris looked pained but said nothing. "I've always felt a champion shouldn't let things like that bother her," she said later.

So it was first set to Fromholtz and, not long after, the second set and match, too. She may have received a lifesaving call, but the left-handed Australian, one of only three players to beat Evert this year, played superbly. Evert looked wooden, moving awkwardly, especially when brought forward. She has been suffering from shin splints lately and had played only one tournament—winning in Atlanta—in the last seven weeks.

After losing to Fromholtz, Chris denied that her legs were hurting, saying that she simply wasn't tournament tough. In any case, she thought she was out of the event, not understanding the format.

But because it was a round-robin, Evert still had a chance, although she had to beat Wade and Navratilova to survive and then hope that in her turn would both beat Fromholtz. If Dianne

A rigorous training regimen has enabled King to return from a knee operation

won either match, her 2-1 record would put her into the final instead of Chris, whom she had beaten.

Evert had no trouble with Martina, moving much better than she had the night before, but her match with Wade was a death struggle. The two are not the best of friends, and Virginia's victory over Chris at Wimbledon has fueled the rivalry. Wade came into the match 1-0, having beaten Navratilova, so that defeating Evert would virtually assure her of reaching the final. Fromholtz having lost to Martina.

Bad calls and, worse, perplexing decisions following bad calls, abounded in the Evert-Wade match. Down 1-2 in the first set and game point against her, Evert hit a crosscourt forehand close to the sideline. Wade returned it and both players hit two more shots before Wade hit long. But even as the umpire cried deuce, Wade turned on the linesman and complained that Evert's crosscourt shot had been out. Remarkably, the linesman decided that perhaps he hadn't seen it after all and yielded to the linesman at the far end of the court who said the ball had been out. Game Wade. She led 3-1. Evert, showing genuine anger on the court for one of the few times in her life, dropped three straight games and the set.

But that was it. She won the next two sets 6-4, 6-4 amid more suspicious calls that had Wade screaming to the desert sky. Her disappointment over losing turned to outrage when she learned that she now was eliminated from the final, and she entered the press tent quivering. "I can't believe it," she said, on the brink of tears. "The format was not properly explained. How can one loss put me out? Chris has one loss. What about comparative set scores. I could wind up with five winning sets to her four." And then she bolted from the room.

Evert entered. "I think I handled the close calls better than Virginia," she said, an understatement. Someone asked her whom she wanted to win the next evening, Wade or Fromholtz. Chris looked puzzled. She *still* didn't understand the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPIDGE

format. When it was explained that she needed a Wade win to make the finals, she nodded and smiled. "Well, now I know who I'm rooting for."

If Chris did root, it was in *absentia*. She was in her suite at the Racquet Club when she was told Wade had beaten Fromholtz in straight sets.

In the other half of the draw there were no such problems. King marching through the field with a minimum of trouble and a maximum of flair, doing stretching exercises, berating herself, as always, on bad shots and giving linesmen a working over. "You're out to lunch," she screamed at one, her voice booming throughout the arena. "I can't believe you," she yelled at another. And yet she played marvelously, beating Turnbull, Reid and Stowe while losing only one set. That left only one more opponent between her and the \$75,000 first prize.

Well, maybe next year. Tell Chris she's looking tired. Billie Jean, Oughta take a little vacation. She'll go for it. After all, nobody argues with a legend. **END**



For a fight that produced no knock-downs and not one drop of blood—although buckets of it had been promised—last Saturday night's clash between heavyweights Jimmy Young and Ken Norton fell somewhere between being a classic and a curiosity. What saved the show at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas was 15 rounds of unremitting action, with

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME, SPLIT THE REST

For 15 furious rounds it could have gone either way, and often did, but the vote for Ken Norton over Jimmy Young was what counted in the end **by PAT PUTNAM**



Winging an occasional crisp right hand, Young was ever crafty if not always too compelling

six rounds. He called six even. Another judge, Jim Rondeau of Seattle, also had Norton on top, but gave him seven rounds. He called five even. The third judge (in Nevada the referee doesn't get to vote) was Art Lurie of Las Vegas. He had the fight for Young, eight rounds to six, with but one even. Their combined arithmetic, or whatever mysterious form of mathematics they were using, gave Norton a clear edge with 19 out of a possible 45 rounds while Young had only 14. For what it was worth—which was absolutely nothing—Referee Carlos Padilla said, "If I had had a vote, I would have voted for Young."

With that sort of climax to an encounter that was supposed to decide who gets to fight Muhammad Ali for the title, it was not surprising that Jack Levin, one of Young's managers, had a few bitter words. "With all the talk around here all week about Blinky Palermo," he said, "I'm beginning to think that we would have won the fight if we were really connected to him."

The rumor had, indeed, spread around Las Vegas and other fight circles that Palermo, one of the underworld's bosses of boxing before his 12-year sabbatical in the Lewisburg, Pa. penitentiary, had moved in as the force behind Young and was responsible for his sudden rise to fame and fortune. All last week, Young

and his managers, Levin, Ray Kelly and Bob Brown, had vigorously denied any connection to the onetime Philadelphia numbers racketeer.

Young certainly didn't have the winning number in Vegas. Under Saturday's 10-point-must system, a fighter who gets 10 points in a round wins it—unless the judge awards his opponent 10, too, which was so often the case at Caesars Palace. While rounds scored even are not a rarity, they seldom come in such clusters and usually are scored that way because both fighters are doing a whole lot of nothing. This wasn't the case on Saturday.

The sustained assault from Norton over the distance was hardly a surprise, although there were those who had guessed that he might try to offset Young's cute tactics with a more deliberate attack. But, big and powerful, Norton has always performed best against an opponent he knows can't hurt him, and in this case Young was made to order. When Young punches the heavy bag it has been known not to move.

Unlike Norton, Young is known for winning by surviving, by piling up points while in full retreat. He fights to confuse, not to destroy, leaving opponents awake while putting audiences to sleep. But not this time, he had promised.

"When the bell sounds for the first
continued

Following his plan, Norton moved body blows with selected head shots, a few of which rocked Young



each man alternately rising to or retreating from the occasion. And then, when it was all over, came the puzzling split decision. Puzzling not because it was unfair, but because for men who are paid to make a decision, two of the judges were hopelessly indecisive.

One, Raymond Baldeyrou, a Frenchman, voted for Norton but gave him only



A bit less than impartial. Ali rooted for Young

NORTON VS. YOUNG *continued*

round you are going to see the Norton everyone expects," Young said. "But then I'm going to whack him up alongside the head. The minute he gets popped you'll see a change in him. The whole thing boils down to hitting him alongside the head; hitting him everywhere but on the soles of his feet. Then after I whack him—and keep on whacking him—you're going to see Norton for what he is: a bully who quits when someone fights back."

All week Young leveled the insults against his unruffled rival. "He's Mr. Hollywood with toilet paper skin. I'm going to cut that movie star. Every time I hit him I'm going to twist my gloves. Look at all that jewelry he wears. Who does he think he is, Sammy Davis Jr.? I'd like to get him in a back alley in Philly. He can't fight; he's nothing but an experienced amateur."

Norton heard it all, and mostly he coolly ignored it. Except the crack about his being an experienced amateur. That one stung. It also stung when Eddie

Futch, Norton's former trainer, picked Young to win.

"Futch and that crack about being an amateur really got Norton motivated in camp," said hotel owner Bob Baron, Norton's manager. "The only time I've ever seen him work harder in camp was for an Ali fight. And for Bobbick, Futch also said Bobbick would win. Anything Futch says bothers Ken; they used to be very close. If I could pay Futch \$100,000 to pick against Ken every fight it would be a sound investment."

Driving himself hard, three weeks before the fight Norton was down to 216 pounds, only half a pound more than he weighed for the fight. Trainer Bill Slayton ordered Norton to resume eating steak for breakfast. The two also studied films of Young's victorious fights with Ron Lyle and George Foreman. They catalogued weaknesses, although admittedly there were few to find, and designed a fight plan.

"Young gets away from right hands by moving his head to the right while stepping to the right," Slayton was saying two days before the fight. "And he likes to tie you up. Then, when you relax, he punches inside. Kenny has to step back and punch when Young tries to tie him up. Young doesn't make many mistakes because he doesn't take many chances. That's a typical counterpuncher. They wait and they wait, and they wait for the other guy to make a mistake. Then they pour in. It makes for a dull fight."

Since taking over for Futch in 1974, Slayton has worked on tightening Norton's punches, introducing and then improving a jab and getting his man to punch in combinations. For Young, he had Norton working on countering the counterpunch.

"Kenny is not a smart boxer, but he is a lot better than he was," Slayton said. "Once in a while he gets angry and starts firing those wide outside shots and he gets clobbered. He came out of the Bobbick win thinking he was a devastating puncher. I told him that if he started throwing those big Bobbick bloopers against Young, he'd get hit twice before he knew it. If he fights Young like he fought Bobbick, oh, Lord."

While Young beat the pre-fight drums, Norton maintained a low profile, and, except for periods of training, was seldom seen around Caesars Palace. Although he stayed at the hotel, he ate all of his meals

at a secret apartment. The food was cooked by Joe Dee, a chef from Baron's La Jolla Hotel in San Diego. "We've heard the Palermo rumors," said Baron. "Things have been known to happen to fighters. We don't want anything to happen to Kenny."

"I keep hearing about the late great Blinky," said Young. "What's a Blinky?"

"To hell with Blinky Palermo," said Ray Kelly, another of Young's managers. "I'm the bad guy around here. I'm tired of hearing all this talk about Palermo. We're here to make a fight, and Blinky Palermo has nothing to do with it. Let's put it to bed."

With the Palermo rumor laid to rest, at least for the moment, the fight began with Norton coming out like he was trying to put Young to bed. From the onset he all but ignored Young's head, an elusive target at best, and concentrated on sledging heavy blows to the body. Apparently shelving his own plans for the moment, Young fought as he had fought and beaten Lyle and Foreman: clinching, countering, retreating. Occasionally he would pause and slam home a right-hand lead, which seemed to baffle Norton, and then move on.

Norton came on in a crouch, bobbing and weaving, never still. His hands, usually held in tight in the old Archie Moore crossover defense, were slightly more extended and almost moving. The hands added an extra movement to throw off Young's rhythm, and mostly it worked well.

Through the early rounds Norton pressed his savage body attack, with Young trying to slow him down with jabs. In the third Norton pounded two punches to the body and then caught Young on the chin with a short, savage hook. Young staggered back, shaking his head. Later he said it was the only punch that had really hurt him. The attacks ebbed and flowed; seldom were both fighters at rest.

Meanwhile, none of the judges was seeing the same fight. Take the third and fourth rounds: Lurie gave them both to Young; Rondeau gave them both to Norton; Baldeyrou saw them both as even.

Through the first nine rounds Norton kept boring in and scoring to the body; Young kept surviving, but also scoring with jabs, right-hand leads and occasional flurries. Then Young switched his attack and became more aggressive. He opened up with heavier guns. Well, heavy

continued

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guns for him. He was in command from then through the 14th round, and it was at that point that Ali, who was in the front row, leaped to his feet to scream. "I don't want to fight Norton again. Beat him, Young! Beat him!"

In the corner Slayton told Norton that he needed to win the 15th round. Across the way Young's people figured they had the fight locked up. Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer, had sent word that he thought Young was out in front. "I always did go for a boxer," Dundee said later.

Storming out, Norton picked up his attack to the body. Young went to work on the head. With so much at stake, neither dared to pause. For the full three minutes they banged each other about the ring. Then it was over. Norton had won the last round. And then that curious decision was announced.

Afterward, Jose Sulaiman, the president of the World Boxing Council, announced that Ali had 60 days to sign to fight Norton and six months in which to fight him or to be stripped of his title. Promoter Don King said he would offer the champion \$8 million to defend against Norton. Biron said King could have a 30-day option on Norton's boxing services. Then everybody sat back to await Ali's pleasure.

Typically, Ali was having none of it. For one thing, he had already announced a Feb. 15 title fight against the survivor of next week's Leon Spinks-Alfio Rigghetti bout. For another, why should he obey the WBC? "I'm not going to sign, and we'll see what they're going to do to me," Ali told ABC-TV in a ring-side interview. After all, he had just fought Earnie Shavers, Ali said, and "they going to tell me I don't have the right to rest?" Off in his dressing room, Jimmy Young maintained that he had won and should be meeting Ali. He did admit, however, that Norton was a much better fighter than he had believed. Also, he said that the reason he had failed to produce the promised blood was that Norton had skin like rawhide.

As for Norton, he said that Young was a fine and tough opponent. Just as soon as he had taken the title away from Ali, Norton said, he would be glad to give Young another shot.

Then everybody went home. As the arena emptied, a Los Angeles fight figure named Vern Head was heard to say, "Y'know, Blinky doesn't have the old clout like he used to."

END

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DON'T LET 'EM WEAR YOU DOWN!

For the "Little Eight," life in the Big Ten means living in the shadow cast by two giants, but Indiana's Lee Corso is a ray of hope **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

In the first minute of the second quarter in its game with Ohio State last year, Indiana scored a touchdown and kicked the extra point. Lee Corso, the Indiana coach, immediately called time and huddled his players on the sideline, where he had a photographer take a picture of the happy group at an angle which allowed the scoreboard to fill the background: INDIANA 7, OHIO STATE 6. Asked why he did this, Corso said, "It's the first time in 25 years Indiana has led Ohio State in a game. I looked it up. Can you believe it? Twenty-five years! The goal

of a lifetime!" Ohio State went on to win the game 47-7.

Moving right along with Lee Corso, you may remember that the last time we looked in *SI*, Nov. 9, 1970, he was coaching at Louisville and making a name for himself by 1) coaching good and 2) having fun, a contradiction in terms by most accepted coaching tenets. At Louisville, Corso rode an elephant to attract attention to his program. The elephant was so big that Corso had to hunker down going under viaducts. He got

plenty of attention and scars on his hands and the insides of his knees from holding on for dear life. In another episode, Corso got attention for coming onto the field waving a towel to signify Louisville's surrender in a game at Memphis State, but the rival coach, Spook Murphy, was running up the score and ignored it. An official said that if Corso didn't stop waving the towel he was going to draw a penalty. "Sir," said Corso, "the score is 63-19. How is 15 yards going to hurt us?"

At Louisville, Corso's motto was, "Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm," a poach from Emerson. Corso infused his teams with enthusiasm. He had enthusiastic players at *continued*



Corso's teams have yet to beat a Michigan squad coached by Schembechler or Ohio State under Hayes, but he says that's just a matter of timing





every position and of every description. He had a 5'5" halfback, Howard Sievens, who led the nation in rushing. He had a bearded, beaded, barefoot Jewish hippie walk-on kicker. His 5'8" linebacker, Tom Jackson, made the *Playboy* All-America team. "Everybody laughed," said Corso, "because Jackson was 'too short.' I said, 'I don't care how short he is if he makes the tackles.' What are they gonna say? 'Jackson got the guy down, but he's too short!'"

Corso left no gimmick unturned. He held Italian nights at the training table, with spaghetti, garlic bread and spumoni on a checkered tablecloth. His pregame warmups were so flashy that Georgia Tech asked for the routine. "Don't you want any of my plays?" Corso said. For a Thanksgiving Day finale at Tulsa, Corso had his team captains escort a live (and hysterical) turkey onto the field. Corso offered Tulsa a deal: win the toss and take your choice, the ball or the turkey. Tulsa made believe Corso didn't say it and, when it won the toss, elected to take the ball. "Shortsighted," snuffed Corso. Tulsa lost the turkey and the game.

In the end, Corso left everybody laughing, especially the Louisville fans. In his four years they never had a losing team. He had whisked the program from the jaws of imminent cancellation to the

blueprints for a new stadium. Under Corso, Louisville quadrupled its average attendance and in 1972 was ranked (16th) for the first time with a 9-1 record.

We now join Corso at Indiana, which is in the Little Eight Conference, a subdivision of the Big Ten. The other subdivision, the Big Two, is not a fun-loving group. It is made up of grim coaches who have high blood pressure and draw attention by rending yard markers and pummeling journalists. The Big Two is currently into the intraleague portion of its competition. From now almost until December, Ohio State and Michigan are required (allowed) to beat up on Indiana, Iowa, Northwestern, Illinois and the other four teams that comprise the Little Eight, an unofficial designation roundly despised by that body. There are occasional uprisings—three weeks ago Minnesota upset Michigan—but in the public's mind the Little Eight is only there to provide the Big Two with steppingstones to the Rose Bowl. Coaches in the Little Eight bear two sets of footsteps, Woody Hayes' and Bo Schembechler's.

Corso came to Indiana in 1973 with his eyes open. "I got this job," he said, "because it was impossible to do." If the other seven found the sunlight sparse and growth difficult in the shadow of Michigan and Ohio State in the past nine years, when the imbalance grew to critical (not to say embarrassing) proportions, Indiana could boast that it always had problems coping. In 75 years in the league, the Hoosiers had averaged less than two victories a season. "I can match that," said Corso.

Though he had only seen a Big Ten team play two times in his life, when he was an assistant at Navy and the Midshipmen twice lost to Michigan, Corso said it was an opportunity he had "dreamed of. The most prestigious conference! The biggest crowds! The greatest tradition!" Corso talks in exclamation points and sometimes in sound effects. He said he had "read all the books. Fielding Yost! Sixty points a game, and allowing zero. Pheweeet! Amos Alonzo Stagg! What a man. Bernie Bierman! Fritz Crisler! Forest Evashevski! The greatest coaches of all time! Ray Eliot! Woody Hayes! Bo Schembechler!"

Awe and respect notwithstanding, Corso came in winging. For Indiana's first game he promised "the greatest pregame warmup ever." He said he couldn't guarantee what would happen once the

game started. The game was scheduled for 1:30 in Bloomington. At 12:45 the largest crowd (51,000-plus) in four years was in the stands watching Illinois warm up. Indiana was not on the field.

Corso recollects the occasion, his voice thickening with pleasure. "Now it's one o'clock. Illinois is still warming up and looking around. Indiana is nowhere in sight. What's going on? The fans are mumbling. Mmmmmmm. At 1:15 the officials are on the field. Indiana isn't. Is Indiana going to forfeit? Is that the big surprise? At 1:29 a big double-decker bus, one of those red babies from London, England, comes roaring down the hill toward the north end zone, honking and raising hell. It rolls right onto the field and squeals to a halt. Eeeeeeek. Out piles the Indiana team.

"The fans go nuts. What an impact! One of the greatest things I ever did. Illinois is stupefied. We stop 'em after the kickoff, get the ball and, pheweeet, drive to a touchdown. Nothing to it. Sevenzip. Then reality sets in. We lose, 28-14."

The Big Ten's still reeling under the force of Corso's personality. Four years since he introduced himself, it still does not know what to make of him. Scarcely a day goes by that it does not wake to his thunder.

Corso says things. On the sweet mysteries of coaching: "The bigger, stronger, faster and meaner my players are, the better I coach."

On coaches who cheat: "Fire 'em. Don't just slap their wrists, cut off their hands! We demean the profession when we cheat. Coaching's not a job, it's a privilege."

On the sinister influence of gambling: "The amount of hate mail I get is directly proportionate to the times we beat the point spread. We beat the spread our last four games last year. I was a hero. I got letters: 'Helluva program you got going. Keep it up.' In those four games we had three losses and a tie."

Corso does things. He hired a woman coach in 1974. "An all-time first," he crowed. The whole idea, he said, "was my wife Betsy's. I said, 'O.K., but she has to be good-looking.' Betsy said I was a male chauvinist pig." When the NCAA cut the coaching limits to eight assistants, Corso redesignated the woman's job as "counselor."

For one game, Corso allowed his players to hand-paint their shoes in combinations of red and white (polka dots, di-



Corso's Hoosiers are loose and not losing as much

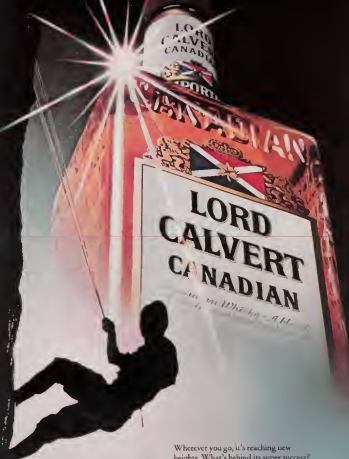
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monds, etc.) "to stress building our program from the ground up." In the week before a game with West Virginia, his players found their lockers had been equipped with flyswatters. "We were getting ready for Denny (Lightning) Buggs. How do you stop a bug? With a flyswatter!" Corso chirped. "We stopped him, too. He was hurt and didn't play."

In lieu of Italian Night, Corso inaugurated an annual Wimpy Contest for hamburger eaters. The contest drew an S.R.O. crowd to the Student Union this year and included some coed entries. "One player ran his finger down his throat to stay in the competition," said Master of Ceremonies Corso. "Gloop. Gaaaaaagh. It was awful. The winner [Linebacker-Defensive Tackle Tom Fisher] wore a full-length shark suit. He called himself 'Jaws.' He put away 21 hamburgers."

In the Indiana athletic offices, Corso encountered Bobby Knight, the abrasive Indiana basketball coach. Basketball is supposed to be bigger than football at Indiana, and Knight has a reputation as the fastest tongue in the Midwest. "When they get to the bottom of Watergate," Knight quipped, "they'll probably find a football coach." Corso gleefully returned the fire. "We're gonna have our own bowl game in Oolitic, Indiana, which has a large Italian population. We'll call it The Italian-American Bowl, and we'll bring in a team we can beat, the way basketball coaches do when they bring in three teams they can beat and call it a Classic." When Knight got a new desk, Corso measured it with a tape and ordered a bigger one. He stood a ruler up in his new rug to make sure he had the thicker pile. "Bobby Knight," he said, "is an asset to the football program."

Except for uniform colors, Corso's Indiana teams are reminiscent of his Louisville teams. Which is to say, he has not lost his appreciation for the little things in life. "Some athletes," he says, "aren't small, they're just short." Just last season his 5' 7" running back, Mike Harkrader, was the first freshman in Big Ten history to rush for 1,000 yards. Corso said it was a matter of finding the right man to fit the holes Indiana's line made. Asked how he had the guts to start a 5' 9" defensive back (Dale Keneipp), he said, "We're not looking for rebounders." (Corso himself did some enthusiastic quarterbacking as a 5' 9" 150-pounder at Florida State in the '50s.)

Nor did he neglect the ranks of the volunteer Jewish kickers. His current place-kicking star, David Freud, is an Israeli Army veteran from Jerusalem. Freud is a 26 year old, with a five-o'clock shadow. He is also 5' 6" and a free spirit who admonishes Corso for yelling at him. "You must show me the respect due an older person," Freud says.

"Do you want me to whisper?" Corso asks.

"That would be nice," says Freud.

Freud spends a lot of time in Ann Arbor, Mich., his wife's hometown, and likes to drop in on Bo Schembechler. He says he tells Bo that "Coach Corso is proof you do not have to be a bastard to be a football coach."

The question for the moment, however, is not what you have to be but what you have to do to beat Bo. Or to beat Woody. When reality sets in the Big Ten these days, it sets in hard. In four years at Indiana, Corso has not had a winning season, and in 1976 he was still a game away from .500, at 5-6. In this, his fifth year, he is currently 4-4-1 and 3-2-1 in the conference, with Ohio State still to play. (Corso has Michigan where he wants it this year—off the schedule.) In four years against the Big Two, Corso's Indiana teams are 0 and 8, which is not unique in the Little Eight. Just about everybody else in the sub-conference has a similar record for this period.

Much has been made of this dilemma, the figures being hard to ignore. Since 1968 only Michigan and Ohio State have won conference championships. During that period the two have played 138 league games and lost only 15—and six of those were to each other. Depression, *déjà vu* and a group facsimile of the rejected-child syndrome are not uncommon when a Little Eight team plays a Big Two team. Neither are scores of 45 and 55 to nothing. Desperate solutions have been proposed. Alex Agase, who coached at Northwestern and Purdue for nine years, says, "The way things are going, the only way anybody is ever going to beat Ohio State and Michigan is to cheat." Alex apparently didn't.

Athletic directors search their souls and wring their hands when asked to explain the disparity, but would just as soon not talk about it. Illinois' Cecil Coleman says he is "sick of talking about it." Michigan's Don Canham says he

doesn't know why the lopsided conditions persist and doesn't know anybody who can tell you. (Maybe Canham wouldn't tell you if he knew.) Ara Parseghian, who coached at Northwestern before giving Notre Dame his best years, contends that the problem "defies a logical explanation."

This is not to say that "explanations" are not available, only that it is difficult to separate them from the Swiss cheese of which they mostly consist. Here is a smorgasbord of reasons why the situation exists, and also some possible solutions:

1) **THE WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES, YAH-YAH ARGUMENT.** This was recently expanded on by Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke in a seven-page pamphlet. Duke contends that Alabama dominates the Southeastern Conference (having won 10 of the last 16 titles), Oklahoma and Nebraska the Big Eight, USC and UCLA the Pacific Eight, and Texas and Arkansas the Southwest, and why doesn't somebody pick on them? The flaw in the argument is that although those teams do indeed hold sway, during the period of 1968-76 their leagues also produced teams from Mississippi, LSU, Georgia, Auburn, Florida, Tennessee, Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, Iowa State, Stanford, Houston, Texas A&M and Baylor which either ranked in the Top Ten or went to a major bowl, or both. Since 1968 no Little Eight team has managed to do either.

2) **THE SILVER SPOON ANALYSIS.** This one comes with figures to show that Michigan and Ohio State bully the others because they have the best teams tradition can buy. They are blessed with the largest numbers of a) stadium seats, b) budget dollars, c) high schools in their areas and d) alumni to influence recruits and get them summer jobs. Michigan's whopping \$5 million gate and Ohio's 900 high schools are just a couple of the numbers, but you get the idea. This theory, however, does not explain why Michigan won only one Big Ten championship in the 18 years before Schembechler's arrival in 1969. Or why other big-tradition teams such as Minnesota and Illinois are no longer in the battle. Despite the Michigan upset, Minnesota's Big Ten record is 2-4-0, including a 38-7 drubbing this season by Ohio State. Illinois has so many high school prospects that 58 were playing for Big Eight teams last year.

Besides, there are no breadlines in the Big Ten. As Duke likes to point out, the

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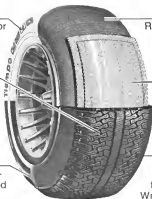
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league is No. 1 in affluence. "Two million living alumni," he boasts, "the greatest football attendance of any college conference or the pros [average: 60,000 a game conference-wide], the largest student enrollments, the largest population area, and nearly one-fourth of the nation's television sets." Everybody makes money on football in the Big Ten, most (excepting possibly Northwestern and Indiana) make a lot. And they all benefit from a socialist monetary structure which calls for equal sharing of Rose Bowl and television revenues. Because athletic dormitories are not allowed, no one Big Ten school can spend more on its athletes than any other can without breaking the rules. A sirloin steak tastes pretty much the same in Madison as it does in Columbus. "Tradition, after all, is what you make of it," says a former Big Ten coach. "I'd think little Miami of Ohio or little Bowling Green would love to have Purdue's tradition. But even without it, they still beat 'em."

3) THE PLAY MORE PATSHES SOLUTION. Corso loves this one. The idea is to schedule fewer Big Ten games, not more (the league is going to a full round robin in 1983), and do what Big Ten people think SEC and Big Eight teams do—load up with pushovers to produce records good enough to attract bowl bids. Alas, evidence indicates that the Big Ten ought to steer clear of patshes (see above: Miami, Bowling Green). Since 1968 non-conference opponents hold a staggering 133-73 edge over Little Eight teams, none of which as much as broke even in these games (Michigan and Ohio State, by contrast, are 43-11). Losing non-conference games ruined good Minnesota seasons in 1968, 1969 and 1973; losing five of six non-conference games hurt Michigan State in 1971 and 1972 when it was 10-5 in the league. Last year outside losses cost Purdue, Indiana and Illinois winning seasons. This is not to say schedule makers haven't tried. Oregon, North Carolina, Northern Illinois, Western Michigan, Wake Forest and Syracuse have appeared on recent Little Eight schedules. This year Big Ten teams have played two fewer out-of-conference games than last season—and had their best non-conference record since 1964: 16-12.

Along this line, it is argued that if Big Ten bowl policy had been relaxed earlier (Rose Bowl exclusivity was ended in 1975), other teams besides Michigan and

Ohio State would have been getting bowl paychecks and prestige. This is a comforting analysis that holds absolutely no water. Except for Purdue's solid 8-2 in 1969, no Little Eight school has had a record worthy of a bowl's second glance.

4) THE CRIME IS BAD FOR BUSINESS PRINCIPLE. A dubious argument at best, but here goes: Little Eight teams did things they shouldn't have in the past. They got caught. While Michigan and Ohio State were keeping their noses clean, Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota were being penalized by the NCAA. Michigan State has been on NCAA probation three times in 25 years. The moral: scandals and probations offer very few advantages to a football program.

5) THE DESEGREGATION GOURSE REVERSE. Also of dubious influence. For years some of the finest players in the Big Ten were black athletes from the South and Southwest who couldn't get into their own lily-white institutions but found a friend in Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty (among his really good friends: Bubba Smith, Gene Washington, George Webster) and other open-armed Big Ten coaches. Time marches. Nowadays Bear Bryant loves his good old Alabama blacks. Mississippi State starts three blacks in its backfield. Florida has four. Eureka! The four top rushers in the Big Ten in 1976 were white. But this excuse requires careful handling because of potentially hazardous implications, including the fact that some Big Ten schools—like their counterparts in the Big Eight and SEC—were not always so faithful to academic standards when they loaded up with imports.

6) THE HEARTBREAK HOTEL TREATISE. OR, IT WAS SO LONELY BEING SO GOOD BUT WE WISHED UP, ALL RIGHT. Advanced by Commissioner Duke in his pamphlet, this one is saved for last because it offers the best set of excuses. The Big Ten, Duke recalls, went Ivy League from 1957 through 1961, basing the dollar amount of scholarship grants on the "need" principle, the ability of an applicant to pay. This policy permitted schools from other conferences to raid Big Ten territory at will, passing out full scholarships like drug-store handbills. The need rule was finally hollered down by the Big Ten coaches in 1962, but, Duke argues, the effects were long-lasting. The Big Ten also hurt itself by imposing lower scholarship limits (30 a year compared with, say, the Big Eight's 45), and having junior col-

lege transfer restrictions (until 1970) and anti-redshirt rules (until 1973). These arguments would be more convincing in explaining the current status of the Little Eight, except that Ohio State and Michigan kept winning throughout the period in question. Ohio State, in fact, won with fewer players than the Big Ten limit, and still does, despite the NCAA's phasing-in of a rule limiting football scholarships to a total of 95 over the course of any four-year period. (Hayes had only 87 players on scholarship last year.) It also must be pointed out that 1962 was a long time ago.

So much for the party line. Now it is 1977, and, you ask, what is our hero Lee Corso doing about all this? Well, naturally, Lee Corso is saying things. Some of the things he says get him in trouble with Commissioner Duke. For example, Corso says, "We're on the road to self-destruction. Ohio State and Michigan won't die, but there's no question in my mind the conference is in trouble." (Corso is saying this to support his plea for fewer conference games and more outside patshes. See Argument 3.) A "friendly letter" from Duke suggested that Lee try to be more positive. Corso says, "Heck, I'm the most positive guy in the world. I love the Big Ten."

But Corso also says things that, once you stop and think about them, make you stop and think about them. For example, he believes that Schembechler is responsible for the whole mess. "Bo Schembechler," says Corso, "will go down in history as the greatest football coach. He knows the game, he works hard. And he's not a crook. If you said, 'Give me two coaches to represent the U.S. anywhere,' I'd give you Joe Paterno and Bo Schembechler."

But, says Corso, pacing the den of his suburban Bloomington home in his stocking feet, Schembechler caused a lot of trouble when he took over at Michigan. "Bo woke up the sleeping giant. Michigan always had good teams, but when Bo came along Michigan got good enough to scare Woody."

Corso, reenacting the drama, grabs his head with both hands. "Oh, dagnabbit! Now we're in trouble. The other guy [Woody] says, 'Well, I can't just let this happen.' Bo is Woody's protegee. Woody knows Bo, and he knows he can't afford just to be good anymore, he has to be bet-

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ter. So Woody got better. And then Bo got better."

Corso, standing erect, puts one fist over the other, depicting Bo getting the edge on Woody.

"And then Woody got better." His Woody fist piles on Bo. "And then Bo got better, and on and on." Corso is on his tiptoes, his fists working over his head.

"Now they're up here," Corso stretches—"and we're down here"—he bends to his knees, his fists on the floor—"eating each other up." He collapses in a chair.

"The difference in football, in the Big Ten or anywhere, is coaching. Bo and Woody are great coaches. It was bad enough just having Woody on top, now we've got both of 'em trying to outdo each other. They won't let anybody beat 'em now. I almost beat Woody. I almost beat Bo. The next year they killed us."

"I gave Bo a helluva game in 1974; he was hanging on to win 21-7. The next year he had me 42-0 with seven minutes to play in the first half. In the first half I called upstairs. 'Find the press book. See what the alltime record for points against Indiana is.' 'Why?' I think we're going for it. We were behind 55-0 when we finally scored. We looked all over the place for the tee to kick the extra point. I told the referee, 'We didn't think we'd score.' I had to go over and borrow Bo's tee. He said sure. Bo's all right, just don't beat him."

"Indiana beat Woody his first year at Ohio State, in 1951. He said, 'That school will never beat us again.' My first year he beat us 37-7, then 49-9, I said, 'Woody, I was three years old when you made that vow.' Actually, I was 17."

Corso giggles and lights a cigar. He says that if you don't have a sense of humor in this business you're liable to go crazy. Some people, he says, misread his enthusiasm. He has been called a clown and a huckster. "But I read once that a sense of humor is not a sign of weakness, and I believe it, so I don't let what people say bother me. The people who know me don't say those things." On the den wall over his head is an autographed picture of Woody Hayes with the inscription: "To my good friend and great competitor."

"People think it's terrible because Bo and Woody don't win the Rose Bowl [six defeats in the last eight years], that it's a reflection on the whole league. Bull! If they're going to judge the Big Ten on

one game, they should change the format. They make the Big Ten teams go out there 10 days early. Everybody wines and dines 'em and fattens 'em up, and then they feed 'em to a Coast team that's been hard at work since before Christmas—on its own field. The timing is all wrong."

"Everything in life is timing. If coaches are going to win anything, they've got to have the proper time. That's the crux of the problem right now. How many coaches have been in the Big Ten as long as Bo? None. None except Woody. A coach gets hired with a lot of fanfare and promises, and he starts out. . . ."

Corso begins to pace, making exaggerated still-legged steps—one, two, three, four—"and doesn't win enough games, and they fire him, too." Stop. Turn. Step, step, step. Corso marches back and forth over the same spot. "Every time you bounce a coach you start from zero. You can't build a program this way. You can't establish recruiting areas or get much continuity going with your staff and players, or anything. Unless you get lucky, you'll be out before you win."

"Some jobs take longer than others, but anybody can tell if a team is improving, and that should be the key. If you've got a lousy coach, you'll know it. It won't matter how many years he has. But if a guy is making progress. . . . People don't realize it, but Tom Landry was in his sixth year with the Dallas Cowboys before he even broke even. He had five straight losing seasons, and then he was 7-7 his sixth year. He finally broke even."

Corso grins through the smoke of his cigar.

"I just thought you should know that." (Bump Elliott, the Iowa athletic director, recently made a study of "coaching stability" in the Big Ten. Elliott found that whereas the league enjoyed a "stable" lineup of relatively successful coaches well into the '60s—Daugherty at Michigan State, Elliott himself at Michigan, his brother Pete at Illinois, Jack Mollenkopf at Purdue, Murray Warmath at Minnesota, Milt Bruhn at Wisconsin, Hayes at Ohio State—the substitution rate since then has been frantic. Save for Woody and Bo, the only coach who started the 1970s at a Big Ten school and is still on the job is John Jardine at Wisconsin, who may be rewarded for his patience with a

winning season this year. No other coach has served more than five years. Three new coaches came in with Corso in 1973, and two already have been relieved. Two more were hired this year, and it is significant to recite their pedigrees: Jim Young at Purdue was once on Schembechler's staff; Gary Moeller at Illinois coached under Schembechler and played for Hayes.)

But so much for what Corso is saying. Besides providing a sanctuary for short players, what is Corso doing? To examine that, one must first understand the possible value of such an examination: that if Indiana can win in the Big Ten, anybody can.

These things Corso inherited in 1973: a school with the worst won-lost record in the Big Ten; one that had never had an unbeaten-united season; one that had had only three winning seasons; one that had only three winning seasons since 1947. The Hoosiers had also been caught cheating in 1960 and put on a four-year probation, the stiffest sentence in Big Ten history.

Now for the bad news. There was also a race problem. "Indiana blacks won't come to Indiana," Corso was told. Indiana blacks proved it. In 1969, 14 black players had walked out of practice, and in the next two years Indiana was able to sign only one black all-state player. But then, Indiana whites weren't all that eager to come, either. When those few outstanding athletes Indiana produced from its 180 high schools (compared with Ohio's 900, remember?) decided to stay in the state, they went to other schools. Vagas Ferguson to Notre Dame. Mark Herrmann to Purdue.

And lest all this should go to his head, after his first year Corso had his budget cut 15% by the Indiana athletic director, Bill Orwig, who has since retired, and was told not to take too many trips.

Corso says it was a good time to be philosophical. "If you want to create something, a chance to leave a legacy, you look for a job like this," he says. "Then you look for an administration that will give you enough time. Somebody asked me, 'Can you win big at Indiana in a hurry without cheating?' I said, 'No.' 'Can you win more than you lose?' 'Yes.' I told President [John W.] Ryan, 'I'll take 10 years to have the winning program I want.' President Ryan said, 'You'll be coach as long as I'm here.' I said, 'How long's your contract?'"

continued

The mistake in taking Corso too lightly is not just to overlook the fact that he encourages a marvelous *esprit*, but also to miss the essential ingredient: he is a tireless worker with a keen sense of organization. As he had at Louisville, he brought to Indiana football a breathtaking thoroughness. He prides himself on his thoroughness. "We even practice our halftime routines—going to the bathroom, getting a Coke, sitting down, having a pretzel," he says. "We argued 20 minutes over whether to have round or straight pretzels. We leave nothing to chance around here."

And what of his progress? On the lay-away plan, progress can be a lot of things: signing Al Darring to an Indiana scholarship, for one. Darring was the best high school football player in Indiana in 1976. He is black. Progress is recruiting "kids we can count on," Corso says. "I've only had to go to the jailhouse twice in four years. That's an amazing record." Progress can be getting alumni support for a new \$300,000 weight room.

Progress on the field is usually defined on the scoreboard, but sometimes there are other measures. "When we played Michigan last year," Corso says, "a Michigan player said they actually had to practice for us. They couldn't look past us the way they used to. A breakthrough! My first year Woody gave Ohio State Monday off the week they played us. The first time he'd done that in 26 years. But he hasn't done it since! Two years ago in Columbus we had his lead cut to 17-14 in the fourth quarter. All those fans, 83,000 people, just sat there. It sounded like death. Woody gave Pete Johnson the ball nine straight times, and they beat us 24-14. That's progress."

In January 1976 Corso got some rather spectacular support from an unexpected source. Indiana hired Paul Dietzel to replace Orwig as athletic director. Dietzel is a former big-time football coach (LSU, Army, South Carolina) who likes to keep an athletic department's priorities in order: i.e., "with an emotional and physical emphasis on football." Dietzel looked at the figures. "We can't afford the luxury of averaging 17,000 empty seats a game," he said. "Football pays the freight."

Dietzel didn't know Corso, but he had heard a lot about him. He ignored that. "I wanted to see what kind of football coach he was. So I sneaked around and watched practice in a place where Lee

couldn't spot me. You can find out things watching practice, what a coach is trying to do, how he's going about it. I learned a lot about Lee."

"People say Corso's a clown. They think he's a clown because he laughs off failures. I can assure you Corso is no clown. He's a sound, solid football coach. His staff works their butts off, and they're all first-class people. They reflect him. Lee's a wild stallion, but it's easier to tone down a stallion than to put life in a dead horse."

"Indiana isn't interested in undercutting Ohio State or Michigan. Indiana wants to join 'em at the top. I think we can do it with Lee Corso. I'll tell you something not many people know. A motel operator somehow got hold of Iowa's game plan last year and gave it to me. I was going to throw it away when I decided I'd ask Lee if he wanted it, to see what he'd do. He said, 'Get rid of it. I don't even want to look at it.'"

Dietzel "freed" the budget for Corso. A boosters club that had raised \$300,000 Corso's first year raised \$660,000 in 1976. A billboard on the edge of town declared Bloomington the home of the Big Red, and Big Red placemats, salt and pepper shakers and sugar packages began to materialize on tables all over town.

After a victory over Iowa raised Indiana's 1976 record to 3-3, Dietzel and President Ryan did an extraordinary thing: they gave Corso a three-year extension of his contract. "With a raise!" Corso says. "Most coaches would have been fired in that situation—we had Ohio State and Michigan coming up." Indiana lost those games, of course, but finished strong, beating Wisconsin and archrival Purdue in what Corso calls his 3.5 (for job saver) game. "It was only the second time in six years we'd beaten Purdue. I slept with the Old Oakden Bucket right there in the bed between Betsy and me. I put my arm around that thing and held it all night. On Thanksgiving we put flowers in it and used it as our centerpiece."

Earlier this year Indiana upset LSU, an SEC power, 24-21. It was no fluke. The Hoosiers, even without the injured Harkrader, rushed for 300 yards. Indiana had Nebraska on the ropes in the fourth quarter, trailing only 17-13, but then gave up the ball on a fourth-down gamble in its own territory and lost

31-13. Two years ago Nebraska beat Indiana 45-0. Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne told Corso it was "the greatest two-year improvement I've ever seen." The week after Minnesota upset Michigan, Indiana scored 21 points in the fourth quarter to beat the Gophers 34-22.

"We've learned how to bite," Corso said one afternoon recently, fidgeting in his office before a practice. "We have gone from a dog quivering in the corner to a dog that bites. Biting's better."

He said he was glad to have Dietzel to talk to because "now I've got somebody who can tell me how long the tunnel is when I tell him I can see the light at the end of it. I've learned a lot from Coach Dietzel. I go to him. Half of knowledge is knowing where to find it. I used to go see Paul Brown when he was coaching the Bengals in Cincinnati. I'd drive up, spend 15 minutes and then drive back. It was like going to see the Pope."

"Paul Brown taught me three things. One, come out smoking. Two, when you're ahead 14-0 in the fourth quarter, grab your tail and hold on. And three, travel first-class. When we beat Cincinnati University one year, I said I owed it all to Paul Brown. Paul called me up. He said, 'Listen, be careful who you give credit to. I live in Cincinnati, you know.'"

Corso giggled and leaped up from his desk to go to practice. He put his cap on and carefully squared it. "If you look good, you practice good, then you play good," he said.

Things were indeed looking up, he said, but to reassure himself one morning after a particularly heartbreaking defeat, when he was still feeling blue, he got up before anyone and drove all the way to Louisville, "just to see that new stadium we built. My program did that. I wanted to remind myself." He said he looked at it, then turned around and drove back, reassured.

He tugged at the bill of his cap, picked up his schedule for the day and breezed toward the door of his office, passing as he did the two engraved plaques that are prominent on his paneled walls. One, burned in wood, reads: "Let me win, but if I cannot win let me be brave in the attempt." The other, lettered over polished wood, is the familiar lacerated Latin: "*Illegitimi Non Carborundum*."

Glancing at the latter, Corso grinned happily and shouted, "Don't let the bastards wear you down!"

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THE PLEASURE OF BEING THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WOMAN



Jan Todd of Nova Scotia, farmhand, housekeeper and high school English teacher, lifts because she loves it

by SARAH PILEGGI

Katie Sandwina was a professional strong woman who performed in John Ringling's circuses in the early 1900s. She was celebrated for great feats of strength, such as carrying a 600-pound cannon on her back, and lesser ones, like executing the manual of arms with her 160-pound husband Max instead of a rifle. Sandwina was a handsome woman, standing 6' 1" and weighing 210 pounds. She had a narrow, corseted waist, in the style of the day, and well-rounded thighs filling out her white circus tights. Some people think Sandwina was the strongest woman who ever lived, but because very few strong women have thought it prudent to advertise their strength, the matter is difficult to judge.

In a genealogy of the spirit, Jan Todd would be in a direct line of descent from Katie Sandwina. The day four years ago when Jan first heard of Sandwina was also the day she began to turn over in her mind the possibility of shedding a feminine physical ideal that was not of her own making. Until that day she had been a naturally strong, athletically talented, intellectually well-equipped schoolgirl who took her strength for granted and worried, off and on, about her height (5' 7"), her weight (165) and her posture (round-shouldered).

Now Jan Todd is the strongest woman in the world—if the strength being considered is muscle strength and if it is measured in units of heavy iron. Last June, in a power-lifting contest in Seppenville Crossing, Newfoundland, after four years of lifting and six months of heavy training specifically aimed at her goal, she raised a total of 1,041.8 pounds—244.4 pounds in the squat, 176.4 in the bench press and 441 in the dead lift—or approximately 100 pounds more than any woman had ever lifted before. The total weight and two of the three lifts are world records. The third, in the bench press, is 34 pounds below the record held by her friend Cindy Reinhoudt of Fredonia, N.Y.

The bench press is a test of upper-body strength, and Todd's great power comes from her hips, her legs and her lower back. When she pins her long blonde hair up in a knot for a workout, buckles a wide leather belt into place over her blue sweat suit and does a deep knee bend with sev-

continued

eral hundred pounds of iron balanced on her shoulders, the power is plain to see. But at home on a farm in Nova Scotia on a Saturday morning in the fall, milking the cow, Miss Crump, harnessing an 1,800-pound draft horse to a wagon or towing 40-pound bales of hay around, she is just an attractive young woman with a body admirably adapted to its labor. Dress her up in a dirndl and a peasant blouse, give her half a dozen beer steins to hold and she could pass for a model in a Löwenbräu ad.

Still, she worries about her weight—the not the fact of it anymore, but how it might be misinterpreted. To break through the 1,000-pound barrier last June she deliberately gained more than 25 pounds, going from her normal 170 to 197.5. Now, after five months of farm work and running several times a week, she is down to 185. When she begins full training again this winter, she plans to compete in the 181-pound class, trying to duplicate the lifts she made at the higher body weight. If she does, she may try the same thing the following year in the 165-pound class.

"To be honest," she says, "anything negative I felt about gaining the weight is balanced out with the pleasure I get from being strong. But I wouldn't want to scare anybody away from lifting. It should be clear that I was a big person to begin with. Even when I was a competitive swimmer as an adolescent I weighed 160 or 165. The weight I gained to lift 1,000 pounds was deliberate and I am in control of it."

Power lifting is probably older than arm wrestling. It is certainly more primitive than its celebrated Olympic counterpart with its flamboyant overhead lifts. For a Vasily Alexeyev to strike those heroic poses, arms fully extended above his head supporting impossible weights, requires not only strength, speed and agility, but also years and years of training in technique.

Power lifting, by contrast, is elemental. Technique plays a part, but not nearly so much as brute strength. A power lifter is not required to raise a bar above his head. The greatest Olympic-style lift ever made was super heavyweight Alexeyev's 562-pound clean and jerk at Montreal in 1976. The heaviest weight ever rained in power-lifting competition was super heavyweight Don Reinhardt's 934-

pound squat in Standley, Ohio in April of '76.

The three power lifts are basic exercises that people have been practicing in gyms for as long as they have been building muscle. The inelegantly named squat is a leg builder. The contestant backs under a bar resting in a rack slightly below shoulder height. He lifts the bar off the rack onto his shoulders, takes a step backward, then does a deep knee bend.

Bench presses are for the arms and shoulders. The lifter lies on his back on a narrow bench with his feet on the floor; the rack is placed slightly behind his head. Assistants, called spotters, lift the bar off the rack and place it in the contestant's hands. Then the contestant lowers the bar to his chest and raises it again until his arms are fully extended. The world super heavyweight record for men in the bench press was Reinhardt's 606½ pounds, before Canadian Wayne Bouvier's 610 press last August in Hawaii.

The dead lift has been called "the great separator." It is the final event in the power set, the brutal test that brings power-lifting fans to their feet yelling. The contestant reaches down, grasps a bar lying on the floor at his feet and, using his hips and lower back as hinge and lever, raises himself to a standing position. Reinhardt's world record in the dead lift is 885 pounds, almost 2½ times his body weight. A hazard of dead lifting is that the flesh of the palms of the hands can tear from the strain.

The first national power-lifting championships were held in 1964 in York, Pa. An organizer of the contest and the winner in the super heavyweight division was a doctoral candidate in physical education from the University of Texas, Terry Todd, who at one time or another held 15 world records in the sport. Besides now being Jan's husband and coach, Terry, 39, is an associate professor of educational sociology at Dalhousie University in Halifax and the author of three books on strength, two of which will be published in January.

Terry Todd is 6' 2½" and weighs 275 pounds. His shoulders and arms are almost uncliotheable, even in stores that specialize in dressing weight lifters. But when he was competing he weighed 340, and no one knows what that is like who has not been there. In a chapter devoted

to Don Reinhardt in one of his books, Todd mentions Reinhardt's remarkable friendliness and is reminded by it of certain breeds of large dogs, like Labradors and Newfoundland and Great Pyrenees. "They seem to keep on wagging their tails, hoping that the effect of their size will be secondary to the effect of their friendliness." Because Todd has experienced the abrupt loss of weight that comes on the heels of retiring from competition, he writes convincingly of "the satisfactions and the sorrows of losing almost a third of yourself."

Terry had been retired for six years when he and Jan met at Mercer University in Macon, Ga., a small, rather progressive, liberal arts school of Baptist origin. He was a young, extremely visible associate professor of education, physical education and sociology, visible not only because of his size but also for his activist stance on the campus issues of the day. Jan was an undergraduate mover and shaker. "I called her überwitch," says Terry fondly. "She was never afraid to try anything. I guess I admired that most about her. She worked the whole time

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Jen and her husband Terry, a former power-lifting champion who teaches college in Halifax, raise beef cattle, grow vegetables organically and, like many of their neighbors who have resisted mechanization, cherish their team of draft horses.

she was in school, she was active in campus politics, she edited the school newspaper for two years, something no one had done before, and she was one of the top two or three in her class. She was a natural force, Mount Rushmore. She had a sort of love-hate relationship with the college president. She was a thorn in his side when she was editing the paper, but once I heard him say, 'She's a helluva man.' That was his greatest compliment."

Jan and Terry took up residence in an old millhouse outside Macon at the beginning of Jan's senior year. Terry still lifted weights now and then, and Jan began to keep him company, at first working only with dumbbells to correct her round-shoulderedness, later with greater weights, but never to the point of really testing herself.

About a year after they were married, while Jan was working toward her master's degree in education, the couple went to Austin, Texas, Terry's boyhood home, for the Christmas holidays. One day as they were "taking a dose of iron pills" at the Texas Athletic Club, a very small woman entered the place and began doing dead lifts. While Jan watched, absorbed, the woman, who weighed only 113 pounds, gradually added weight to the bar until she reached her limit—225 pounds, twice her own weight. Jan struck up a conversation and learned that the woman competed occasionally in the bantamweight class at men's power-lifting contests and that once she had even placed third. Before long Jan was trying some dead lifts, too, and by the time she left the gym that afternoon she had dead-lifted 225 pounds.

That evening Jan began asking Terry questions, and for the first time she heard about Katie Sandwina and the other professional strong women of circus and vaudeville. She also learned that studies have been made that indicate women may be much closer to men in potential strength than anyone has ever believed, and that, proportionately, they may be even stronger than men in their lower bodies.

There is nothing Terry Todd does not know about weight lifting. His doctoral dissertation is entitled *A History of Progressive Resistance* and it came with a 300-page annotated bibliography attached. Now that Jan was curious, Terry was ready with facts, theories and lore.

But what really clinched the matter of Jan's immediate future was coming across a copy of the *Guinness Book of World Records* and finding in it an item that read: "The highest competitive two-handed lift by a woman is 392 lbs. by Mlle. Jane de Vesley (France) in Paris on October 14, 1926." According to Terry, Jan paused, smiled and said, "I think I can beat that." One year and four months later she did, lifting 394½ pounds.

"So far women have had to lift against men," said Jan recently as she bounced through the Nova Scotia countryside in



Todd holds three world power-lifting records

her muddy, shockless, 4-year-old Land-Rover, on her way to the New Germany Rural High School where she has taught 10th- and 11th-grade English for two years. "Mostly you don't win, unless you're lucky and nobody good shows up in your weight class. Until this year I had never trained with women, only with Terry. You heard about your competition through the magazines or in the mail, but you never saw them lift. Also, women were not always welcome at the men's contests. Nothing unpleasant has happened to me, but I have heard stories from other women about having to weigh in nude in front of five male judges, or being told they had to wear a jockstrap because the rules of power lifting require one. Degrading things like that. I

don't think I would have put up with it."

Thanks to a man from Pennsylvania named Joe Zarella, who promotes contests of strength, and who ranks high in Jan Todd's hagiology, there is now a national power-lifting competition for women. The first was held last April in Nashua, N.H. New Germany Rural High School was represented by a team of six girls and their 25-year-old English teacher-coach. The six were the active nucleus of a weight-lifting group Jan had launched at the school the previous fall. Sixty boys and girls had signed up, but before long the number was down to 25, mostly girls. "I was much stronger than the boys," says Jan, "and that's hard on a boy's ego at that stage of their lives."

The team of six country girls who stuck it out through nearly four months of intensive weight training responded just the way their coach had hoped they would. Their concept of what is possible and appropriate for young girls to do had been expanded. When a New Hampshire television newsman asked them why they, girls, would want to lift weights, they replied simply that they saw no reason why they should not be strong, too.

"The schools are quite free here," said Jan. "You can take a personal approach to teaching if you want." Last year she convinced her 10th-graders that a great deal of useful knowledge of crafts and farming was stored in the heads of the old people of Lunenburg County and that rather than let it die with them, it should be collected and made into a book. The New Germany schoolchildren fanned out through the countryside and eventually came back with a book's worth of country wisdom and arcane knowledge. They decided to call the book *Slutterfutz*, an almost forgotten local word for a scabboard made of a cow's horn, which the Lunenburg County farmers fill with water and wear on a string around their waists to carry their whetstones. "I think they also liked the word because it sounded vaguely dirty," says Jan.

The real focus of the Todds' lives these days, teaching and weight lifting notwithstanding, is their own piece of Lunenburg County, a 100-acre farm on top of a hill where they raise cattle and mastiffs and grow hay and vegetables. They bought it last spring from Eldridge Millbury, who had worked the farm for 37

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A close-up photograph of a man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a dark leather jacket over a white shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand, which is wearing a brown leather glove. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

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years and was ready to retire, but while Milbury is building a new house nearby, he and his wife Katie are staying on to help their American understudies learn the ways of Northern farming. In July the four of them, working together, put up 5,000 bales of hay, 1,000 of them in a single day.

Nobody places a higher value on strength than a farmer does, whether it resides in men or animals. In Lunenburg County they call a strong man "able." Terry has overheard both himself and Jan referred to as able.

The Todds, in turn, have become great admirers of the farmers of Lunenburg County, especially of the fact that they have resisted mechanization and clung to their beloved teams of oxen and draft horses. Terry and Jan drove a thousand miles from one fair to another last year, talking to farmers about horses, watching the horses pull, learning how to work them and care for them, and asking along the way who might be willing

to sell. Finally they settled on a team of great, gentle boys, part Belgian and part Percheron—the stallion weighing 2,000 pounds, the mare 1,850. They named them Don and Candy after their good friends Don and Cindy Reinhardt.

Jan's passion is the garden. "We have no illusions about dropping out and living off the land," she says. "We know it better than that. We just like the country and we're lucky enough to have access to it."

She grows her vegetables organically and cans many of them. The cupboards in the kitchen of the farmhouse are filled with jars of tomatoes, pickles and applesauce that she put up last year, and stored away in the cellar are potatoes, beets, carrots and onions. A beef and a half from their own herd of 25 will get them through the winter, and Miss Crump will provide the milk and cream Or some of it.

"We are moderately self-sustaining," says Terry. "No, make that somewhat

self-sustaining. That would be more accurate."

For heat through the long Nova Scotia winter, they have a wood-burning cookstove, which also heats their water, and a small oil furnace. "You have to crawl under the house to light the furnace," says Jan. "That's my job. Terry is too big." She throws a theatrically dubious glance in his direction. Terry, all innocence, says, "I want to light the furnace. I'd love to light the furnace. But we can't do everything we want to do."

There were mornings last winter when the temperature inside the Todd bedroom was 18°. But such mornings have led to warming discoveries, such as bed sheets from Newfoundland made of cotton flannel, and small satisfactions, such as an \$11 fuel bill for the month of January. "It got a little claustrophobic sometimes last winter," Jan says. "The area in which we could live was often confined to the stove. But the worst is over by the end of March."

Of all Jan Todd's talents—for lifting heavy weights, for teaching English, for firing adolescent creativity—perhaps the most surprising are the domestic ones, the fact that the sticky buns on the breakfast table are her own doing, as are the whole-wheat loaves in the bread box and the patchwork quilt on the bed and some of the clothes in her closet. Maybe it shouldn't be surprising, but it is. So is the fact that in high school she won a contest that caused her to be named, to her everlasting embarrassment, the Betty Crocker Homemaking of Tomorrow.

Her name was Jan Suffolk then, and from the time that her father, a steelworker, left home for good, when she was 12 years old, Jan had been running a household. Her mother, a trained nurse, went back to work to support the family—Jan, her younger sister and an aging grandmother—and from then on Jan cooked the meals, cleaned the house, did the laundry, made most of her own and her sister's clothes and went to school. Throughout high school she also worked afternoons and weekends at a men's clothing store in Plant City, Fla., where she lived, and during her junior and senior years she swam on the Plant City High School girls' team. But only the sprints—she never had enough time to train for longer distances.

She was always strong, for a girl. "I

continued

Milly, the mastiff who weighs 150 pounds, is no burden to Jan, who can dead lift 441 pounds.





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was a tomboy," she says, "but I always knew I wasn't supposed to be." Her first clue that she was unusually strong, not just for a girl but for anybody, came when she was 19 and was in Chicago to visit her estranged father. One day the two of them went to the Museum of Science and Industry where there was an exhibit of machines designed to test one's strength. When they tried the grip machine, Jan's grip registered slightly higher than her father's, to her amazement and his horror. "He was 45, a roller in a steel mill and really quite strong," she says. "He was not tall, but he had big bones, big hands, broad hips. I have his build."

"If Jan had come from a wealthy family and been exposed to tennis," says Terry, "boy, she would have been good. She is naturally strong and quick." Terry was good enough at the game to go to Texas on a full tennis scholarship. "She might also have been a good golfer or softball player or shotputter," he says. "She had natural gifts, but she

never had time. Lifting was the first chance she ever had to let her gifts manifest themselves."

Jan was in her kitchen one evening, shucking corn from the garden, making faces because it was full of fat worms, and trying to explain herself. "I lift because I love it," she said. "I love the way it makes me feel. It has extended my idea of the limits of what is possible for me. If someone had told me four years ago that I would squat with 400 pounds on my shoulders, I would not have believed it. Lifting was a whole new world. It is hard to explain, but it became something I wanted to try for. How would you like potatoes instead of corn?"

"I've never used steroids because I've never felt pushed," she began to scrub new potatoes. "If I did, I don't know. If I were a shotputter, for instance, and there were the Olympics out there, it might be different. When I wanted to get stronger last spring I just gained weight. I ate a lot of protein and I took vitamins—

A, E, C, B₁₂—and a whole lot of de-vascularized liver, 200 tablets a day at the peak of my training."

Terry, who was outside the screen door, turning halves of young chickens on a charcoal grill but listening, said, "Do you know what a geek is?"

"A person who bites the heads off live chickens?" someone ventured.

Terry said, "Her grandfathers on both sides were sideshow geeks, one of them very famous. Nobody else but the granddaughter of geeks on both sides would eat devicinated liver!"

Jan grinned and put the pot of potatoes on the flat iron surface of the cookstove. She will never wear spangles and tights and listen to the cheers of thousands as Katie Sandwina once did, and she will never make a dime from having been, for a while, the strongest woman in the world, but it really doesn't matter. There will always be some people who understand what she did, and a few, like Terry, will even understand why. **END**



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Togetherness pays off at Kentucky

A couple of huge high school teammates are leading the Wildcats on a rampage



An improved passer, 6' 5" Ramsey still can run

They can't go to a bowl or play on national television and they have had so many injuries that at times Coach Fran Curci must wonder whether his best team is on the field or in the infirmary. In other words, the Kentucky Wildcats would seem to lack the incentive and the manpower to be having one of the best seasons in college football. But they are, thanks mainly to Quarterback Derrick Ramsey and Defensive End Art Still, a couple of high school teammates from Camden, N.J. The 6' 5", 222-pound Ramsey may be the most intimidating quarterback in the country; the 6' 7", 247-pound Still anchors a Wildcat defense that has given up an average of only 9.7 points a game.

Boasting an 8-1 record, the Wildcats have the notion that they are as good as anybody, anywhere. They have won at home and they have gone on the road and beaten the likes of Penn State (24-20), LSU (33-13) and Georgia (33-0). After their most recent victory, a 28-6 drubbing of Vanderbilt last Saturday in rain-soaked Nashville, Commodore Coach Fred Pancoast all but admitted that Kentucky is more awesome than a couple of other powerhouses on his schedule—namely, Oklahoma and Alabama.

"We just got beat by a great football team," said Pancoast. "Kentucky is the best team I've seen in the Southeastern Conference in a long time. We were actually lucky. It could have been worse. Their defense is the best one I've ever seen in college football, and we tried everything in the world to stop Ramsey but couldn't. He's a great athlete."

Since Kentucky and Alabama are not scheduled this season, wouldn't it be a fine thing for the two SEC powers to meet in the Sugar Bowl? Because of a one-year NCAA probation for recruiting violations, however, the Wildcats are destined to spend Jan. 2 at home wondering what if. The bowl scouts are just as sick as Curci and his players, besides having a talented team, the Wildcats have a large and loyal following that not only fills Commonwealth Stadium for every home game but also shows up wherever the team plays on the road. The games at LSU, Georgia and Vandy were all sell-outs, largely on account of Kentucky's mobile rooters. In Atlanta, Peach Bowl officials and merchants still are talking

about the 37,000 fans who swarmed into town last New Year's Eve to see the Wildcats beat North Carolina 21-0 in their first bowl game in 25 years.

Last Saturday the expressways leading to Nashville were clogged with cars bearing blue-and-white Wildcat stickers and wild-eyed rooters bound for Vandy's Dudley Field. By game time there were a lot more fans in the crowd of 34,694 wearing blue and white than Vandy's black and gold. In what may have seemed like the first road game Vandy ever played at home, the Wildcat rooters rejoiced when their heroes broke a 6-6 tie at the half with 15 points in the third quarter. This explosion gave Kentucky a 77-7 hulge over its opposition in the third quarter this season.

As he always seems to do, Ramsey was the man who took charge. With star runner Rod Stewart out for the season because of a knee injury, and various other backs hurt at one time or another, Ramsey has assumed the added burden. He's so big and strong that he can pass with tacklers clinging to him. And when he gets loose in the secondary, few backs can stop him one-on-one. Pro scouts once viewed Ramsey more as a tight end prospect than a quarterback, because his passing was unreliable. This season, however, Ramsey's throwing has improved so much that he ranked second in the SEC going into the Vanderbilt game.

"I didn't used to think so, but now I definitely think the pros have to look at him as a quarterback," said Curci, himself a former pro quarterback. "He's so durable, that has to count for something. Besides, he's never been asked to pass much until recently. The fact that he's learned to do it so well so fast is testimony to the kind of athlete he is."

Against Vandy, the 80-yard drive opening the second half was vintage Ramsey. First, he circled right end for 39 yards, then he hit Wide Receiver Dave Trosper with a 24-yard pass and ultimately scored himself from the two to put the Wildcats ahead to stay. Later, Ramsey bulled over the right side for 45 yards, carrying a Vanderbilt linebacker piggyback part of the way.

Meanwhile, Still and the Wildcat defense put the clamps on Vandy. Kentucky's third touchdown was set up when Linebacker Dave Fadrowski intercepted a pass and returned it to the Vandy six.

continued

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When Kentucky first called, 6' 7" Defensive End Art Still figured they wanted him to play basketball.

from where Joe Dipe bulled over on the next play. The extra point gave Kentucky a 21-6 lead, and Vandy fans began to move toward the exits, while the Wildcat rooters whooped it up.

"When I came here, I said my goal was to give our fans a good enough team that they could be as obnoxious as fans in other parts of the country," says Curci, smiling. "I think our fans have gotten to the point where they can carry on with the best of 'em."

In five years Curci has done what supposedly couldn't be done—return Kentucky football to the glory it enjoyed under Bear Bryant in the early 1950s. With the help of Kentucky University President Dr. Otis Singletary, who believes strongly in intercollegiate athletics, and the five-year-old Commonwealth Stadium, Curci found he had what it took to recruit blue-chip players. It didn't come easy. Still admits that when Curci got in touch with him, he thought he was going to be offered a scholarship to play basketball.

To get Still and Ramsey, Curci had to outmaneuver both basketball and football recruiters. Playing both sports at

Camden High, they had led the football team to an unbeaten season their senior year, and the basketball team to a state championship. Curci was able to beat out hundreds of other schools mostly because he had an "in" with Andy Hinson, the coach at Camden.

While Curci took a couple of years to decide whether to play Ramsey at quarterback or tight end, he installed Still in the starting lineup as a freshman and began to build for the future around him. Like Ramsey, Still is the quiet, soft-spoken type who leads by example, and the pro scouts love his size and quickness. Against LSU, Still scooped up a blocked field-goal attempt and then outraced a defensive back to score a touchdown. Still has also impressed no less a football authority than Prince Charles, who met him during halftime of the Kentucky-Georgia game while on his recent state visit. "My word," said the prince, gazing upward, "you're a big one, aren't you?"

As big and as good as he is, Still is only part of what Wildcat Rover Dallas Owens calls the "Hyackers Anonymous," because they have caused 25

turnovers despite rarely being certain who will be playing on a given Saturday. By the third game, star Linebacker Jim Kovach and two tackles had been lost for the season with injuries, so Curci installed 5' 11", 227-pound reserve Richard Juffee at nose guard, moved Jerry Blanton to tackle and held his breath. The results have been devastating. Owens intercepted two passes to break open the Penn State game. Linebacker Mike Martin blocked a punt to start the avalanche at Georgia. The defense held Vandy to an average of 14 inches—that's inches—every carry. And so it goes.

"The defense is the key for us," says Curci. "Our kids are so close and they're so quick and when somebody gets hurt, somebody else moves in and takes over. To be honest with you, I'm amazed."

With no bowl to anticipate, Kentucky's goal is a 10-1 record (the loss was to Baylor in the second game of the season) and bragging rights to the SEC title. To do that the Wildcats must win at Florida this week, then beat hated Tennessee at home. Both those teams might be interested in some rather startling comments made by Ramsey after the Vandy game.

"I think we're one of the best teams in the country," he said, "but I don't know how good we are. I don't think we've played our best game yet."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST Five years ago, Tony Adams of Utah State established an NCAA single-game mark by passing for 561 yards against Utah. Last week, Marc Wilson of Brigham Young topped that feat by 10 yards. Once again the victim was Utah. Wilson, a sophomore, did almost all his damage in the first and last quarters. In the opening period he passed for two touchdowns as BYU built a 17-0 lead. But by the end of the third period that advantage had been cut to 17-8, so Wilson really went to work, throwing for 209 yards and three more TDs in the final quarter as the Cougars won 38-8. All told he completed 26 of 41 passes.

Overpowering, too, was Arizona State, which stayed half a game behind BYU in the WAC standings with a 45-0 drubbing of Wyoming. The Sun Devils gained 635 yards, Dennis Sproul passing for 262, Mike Harris running for 120 and George Perry for 110.

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While the rain that had been falling stopped five minutes into the game at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Southern Cal's offense poured all over Stanford. When the deluge was over, the Trojans had gained 592 yards, 453 of them on the ground, and had won 49-0. Charles White of USC gained 126 on 16 carries. Dwight Ford 124 on 11 and Motti Tatupu 101 on 13.

Three touchdowns in the third period, two on runs by Quarterback Warren Moon, helped Washington defeat California 50-31. The Huskies gained 490 yards, more than offsetting the efforts of Tight End George Freitas, who caught nine passes for Cal.

With the "men upstairs" tipping him off about what play to expect, UCLA Safety Mike Molina anticipated an Oregon pass shortly before halftime. When the ball was in fact thrown, Molina picked it off and raced 52 yards for a touchdown to put the Bruins in front 14-0 and well on their way to a 21-3 victory. Of his interception, Molina said, "Our coaches called it. All I had to do was react to the ball."

Washington State defeated Oregon State 24-10. With two games to go for each team, Washington, UCLA, and USC were tied for the Pac-8 lead with 4-1 records.

Army assured itself of its first winning season since 1972 by subduing Air Force 31-6. Cadet Greg King, who scored on runs of 15 and 44 yards, rushed for 165 yards.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Art Monk, a 6'2", 201-pound sophomore running back for Syracuse latched onto 14 passes—an NCAA high this season—gained 188 yards and scored two touchdowns as the Orange upset Navy 45-14.

DEFENSE: As Kansas defeated Kansas State 20-21, 6'3", 220-pound Jayhawk freshman Linebacker Scellars Young broke up two passes, set up the winning touchdown with an interception and took part in 16 tackles.

While many of the nation's Top 20 teams racked up big scores in hopes of improving their rankings, none matched the output of Valley City (N.D.), an NAIA Division II school. The Vikings finished the season undefeated by crushing Huron 83-0.

1. USC (6-3)

2. UCLA (6-3) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (7-1)

SOUTH There's nothing quite like being an old Bear Bryant pupil—unless one is coaching against Alabama. For the 21st straight time, Bryant beat one of his students, trimming Charlie McCendon and LSL 24-3. LSL recovered four Tide fumbles and got 110 yards rushing from Charley Alexander, but Johnny Davis of the Tide bulled his way for 126 yards and Tony Nathan scored two touchdowns. Coupled with an Auburn loss, Alabama's win locked up first place in the Southeastern Conference and a berth in the Sugar Bowl.

It was Mississippi State that stunned Auburn 27-13. Defensive Back Kenny Johnson set up two State touchdowns with interceptions, and Bruce Threadgill (17 of 31 for 256 yards) passed for two others. Florida rallied past Georgia 22-17 and Tennessee beat independent Memphis State 27-14.

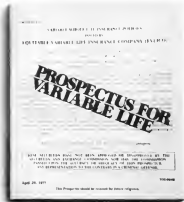
"Chuck [Fusina] was verbalizing at the line because we were out of time-outs. He improvised the touchdown play." That was Penn State Coach Joe Paterno's explanation of how his quarterback concluded an 83-yard desperation drive at North Carolina State that took 13 plays and 97 seconds. What Fusina did to pull out a 21-17 win was to uncork his sixth completion of the march: an 11-yarder to Split *continued*

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End Scott Fitzkee with 58 seconds to go. Furman completed 22 of 36 passes for 315 yards against a defense that had allowed 74.6 yards passing a game.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, North Carolina (3-0-1) solidified its grip on first place by tying Clemson (4-1-1) 13-13. Tar Heel Amos Lawrence zipped 59 yards for one score (and for 150 yards in all), and a 30-yard field goal by Tom Biddle with -58 left deadlocked the game. Maryland took a non-conference tussle from Villanova 19-13 as George Scott tore through the Wildcats for 237 yards and three touchdowns.

During a 65-0 drubbing of Langston, Doug Williams of Grambling hit on 23 of 30 passes for 378 yards and seven touchdowns.

With Wide Receiver Mike Schumann catching five passes, running three reverses for 99 yards and passing once for 39 yards, Florida State held off Virginia Tech 23-21.

Independent East Carolina (8-2) walloped Appalachian State 45-14. Louisiana Tech took charge in the Southland Conference by stopping Lamar 23-6.

1. ALABAMA (8-1)

2. KENTUCKY (8-1) 3. CLEMSON (7-1-1)

MIDWEST Two Oklahoma State players did not seem to know which end was up when they positioned themselves behind Oklahoma's kickoff team in the third period. Perhaps it was an omen. Earlier in the period, the Cowboys had taken a 28-21 lead after scoring a pair of touchdowns in just 15 seconds, but that only spurred the Sooners into scoring the next 40 points and winning 61-28. State's Terry Miller romped for 120 yards and three touchdowns. But Sooner Quarterback Thomas Lett passed 48 yards for one score and broke three tackles as he ran 80 yards for another to keep Oklahoma atop the Big Eight.

A leg injury to I. M. Hipp gave Rick Berns of Nebraska a chance to regain his l-buck job against Missouri. Making the most of the opportunity, Berns rushed for 81 yards, caught a 24-yard pass and scored both Cornhusker touchdowns on a pair of one-yard plunges in a 21-10 victory.

Colorado's first- and second-string quarterbacks were hurt against Iowa State, but Fullback James Mayberry and Tailback Mike Kozlowski were healthy enough to provide a 12-7 win. Mayberry ripped off 111 yards and Kozlowski, who had missed six games because of a punctured lung, ran 42 yards for a TD and unfurled a 55-yard pass. Kansas forged a 21-0 lead, and then hung on for a 29-21 verdict over Kansas State.

Notre Dame players, still smarting from last year's loss to Georgia Tech and comments that they were "fat and slow," squashed the Yellow Jackets 69-14. Irish Quarterback Joe Montana hit on 15 of 25 passes for 273 yards and three TDs. Altogether, the Irish gained

667 yards, Vagas Ferguson rushing for 116 of them in 11 carries during a 10-minute spin.

At halftime of their Big Ten games, Ohio State and Michigan each led by only seven points. Then the Buckeyes scored 14 points in 13 seconds and cruised past Illinois 35-0. Even more devastating were the Wolverines, who shored Northwestern with 28 third-quarter points to win 63-20.

Purdue's Mark Herrmann hit on 10 of 20 passes for 174 yards during a 22-0 blanking of Wisconsin. A 23-yard field goal by David Freud with 16 seconds left gave Indiana a come-from-behind 24-21 win over Iowa. Quarterback Ed Smith teamed up with Flanker Kirk Gibson on scoring passes of 51 and 85 yards as Michigan State, down 10-0, overcame Minnesota 29-10.

For the fourth year in a row, St. John's won the Minnesota IAC title. The defending NCAA Division III champions topped St. Olaf 21-7 behind Tim Schmitz, who ran for 189 yards. Two other Division III squads remained unbeaten, top-ranked Wittenberg downing Heidelberg 31-6 and Central (Iowa) stopping Upper Iowa 32-0.

An NAIA record was set by General (Mo.) Methodist's Tom Stone, who passed for 571 yards as he completed 24 of 34 attempts during a 56-43 defeat of Culver-Stockton.

Macalester lost its 33rd game in a row. The Scots, outscored 532-39 this season, dropped their final game of the year to Hartline 71-8.

1. OKLAHOMA (8-1)

2. OHIO STATE (8-1) 3. MICHIGAN (8-1)

EAST For Bob Relf of Colgate, Matt Cavanaugh of Pitt and Bill Hurley of Syracuse, it was like an afternoon of target practice as they repeatedly bull's-eyed their receivers. Four of Relf's passes were good for touchdowns as the undefeated Red Raiders peppered Bucknell 49-17. Relf completed 13 of 19 for 181 yards as Colgate amassed 623 yards.

West Virginia took an early 3-0 lead over Pitt, then was blanked the rest of the way. With Cavanaugh riddling the Mountaineers with his passes (16 of 29 for 217 yards and two touchdowns), the Panthers won 44-3.

Also bolting to a quick lead was Navy, which led Syracuse 7-0 after Phil McConkey ran back a punt 67 yards. Then Hurley got his act together, connecting on 20 of 31 passes for 283 yards and three touchdowns as the Orangemen upset Navy 45-34.

Mitch Brown, a defensive back for NCAA Division III St. Lawrence, also put on an offensive show during a 50-6 rout of RPI. In addition to kicking field goals of 44, 47 and 36 yards, Brown sacked the quarterback in the end zone for a safety, recovered a fumble, made 16 tackles and stole two passes, one of which he returned 31 yards for a touchdown.

After blowing a 14-0 lead, Temple came back to defeat Rutgers 24-14.

A pair of touchdown runs were included on a 151-yard performance by Yale's John Pagliaro as the Elis bumped off Princeton 46-8 and took over the lead in the Ivy League. Dartmouth, which had been tied for first place, lost 13-10 as Brown came through with 10 points in the fourth quarter. A Mark Whipple to Charlie Watkins pass covering 32 yards had tied the score at 10-10. With six seconds remaining, Ruben Chape kicked a 32-yard game-winning field goal for the Bears. In defeating Penn 34-15, Harvard set a school total-offense mark with 550 yards. Larry Brown of the Crimson accounted for 375 of those yards, 349 with his passes. Cornell disposed of Columbia 20-7.

In addition to Colgate in Division I, two Eastern small colleges remained undefeated. Middlebury downed Union 31-20 and Clatsop State knocked off Shippensburg 26-6.

1. PENN STATE (8-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (7-1-1) 3. COLGATE (8-0)

SOUTHWEST When top-rated Texas arrived in Houston, a crowd of 72,126, the Cougars' largest ever, was on hand. In the opening period, while Texas rooters taunted Houston with cries of "prohibition," Alex Blackwell answered back by zipping 44 yards for a Cougar touchdown, the first scored on a run against the Longhorns' starting defensive unit this season. Field goals of 43 and 26 yards by Kenny Hatfield gave Houston six more points in the second period.

But Texas Halfback Earl Campbell, who had been bedded down on Friday night with a sore throat and a fever, crunched out touchdown runs of six and two yards, which gave the Longhorns a 14-13 edge at halftime. Campbell, despite "feeling weak," scored again on a 40-yard run, ending up with 173 yards on 24 carries in the Longhorns' 35-21 win. The victory put Texas half a game ahead of idle Texas A&M in the Southwest Conference.

With a week off to prepare for Arkansas, Baylor had concentrated on refining a 4-3 defense to contain the Razorbacks' running, which was averaging 283.9 yards a game. And the work paid off as Arkansas was limited to 97 yards on the ground. Still, the Hogs won 35-9 with three TD passes and two Steve Little field goals.

Fullback Billy Taylor set a Texas Tech record by scoring five touchdowns during a 49-17 romp over TCU. The passing of Mike Ford (17 of 21 for 205 yards and three touchdowns) carried SMU past Rice 41-24.

Independent North Texas State (8-2) beat New Mexico State 45-17. Texas A&I, last season's Lone Star Conference champion, was upended by East Texas State 7-6.

1. TEXAS (8-0)

2. ARKANSAS (7-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (7-1)



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Like a lot of other New Englanders, what Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux wanted more than anything in the world was to own the Boston Red Sox. Their story was a chapter out of the American Dream. Sullivan, a former backup catcher, and LeRoux, an ex-trainer, had a deal all set to purchase the club for which they once worked. Their dream was about to come true because Sullivan is a close friend of Jean Yawkey, the widow of the late Boston owner, and because LeRoux had figured out a way that the two of them could put up \$200,000 of a \$15 million price and get 52% of the franchise.

But by the time last week's dates for signing the final papers and obtaining American League approval of the sale had passed, Sullivan's and LeRoux' dream was semi-shattered. They were running the Red Sox but they did not own them. Jean Yawkey still does—and probably will for some time. A lawsuit by Ohio-based A-T-O Inc., the high bidder in September's unusual public auction of the club, postponed the request for approval from the league's 13 other owners. But even without the suit, indications were that Sullivan and LeRoux would not have received the O.K.

"This isn't Cleveland, it's Boston," says Milwaukee President Bud Selig, chairman of the league finance committee. "This is the most important franchise in the American League, and we can't afford to let it be underfinanced or second rate. The situation is a mess. It seems inconceivable that what Tom Yawkey built could come to this."

This included A-T-O's attempt to gain control of the Red Sox in court, public derision of the Sullivan-LeRoux financial arrangements (one newspaper described them as a "48-month car loan") and a power struggle that could be traced back to office politics under Tom Yawkey. This also included New England's reaction to what was perceived as a threat to the region's most beloved institution, the Red Sox.

There were SAVE OUR SOX bumper stickers and a radio program called Boston Red Sox, Boston Red Sox that reviewed the daily travails of Haywood and Buddy. Boston's two papers, the *Herald American* and *Globe*, staged an old-fashioned news war, deploying political, sports and financial columnists to analyze the sale; cartoonists to lampoon the staid

There's a rub in the Hub

Former Catcher Haywood Sullivan and ex-Trainer Buddy LeRoux thought they were in as Red Sox owners, but a suit and skeptics semi-shattered their dream

State Street Bank and Trust Company, which was to provide financing for the Sullivan-LeRoux deal; and Woodward-Bernstein types to dig up dirt on the various principals. One undercover group, the *Globe's* Spotlight Team, pointed out that one of Sullivan's and LeRoux' 11 general partners had been subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury regarding a murder and a bankruptcy and charged another with conflict of interest in the appropriation of state funds for handicapped children. A third partner had previously been accused of another conflict of interest in a kickback scandal.

Amid all this, politicians, including House Speaker Tip O'Neill, jumped into the debate, as did Players Association director Marvin Miller and Ralph Nader. "If nuclear war were to break out, it would only make page two in Boston," said Red Sox Publicist Bill Crowley.

When Yawkey died in July 1976, the Red Sox became part of his estate. In effect, the executors of the Yawkey will—his wife and his two lawyers, Joseph LaCour of New York and James Curran of Palo Alto, Calif.—were now the team's owners. Mrs. Yawkey reportedly wanted to keep the Sox, but advisers felt that, should she die soon—she is in her mid-60s—the estate and team would be ravaged by taxes. So, in April, the executors let it be known that the estate would entertain bids for the Red Sox.

Throughout the past summer they interviewed prospective bidders, discouraging most of them, and on Sept. 1 offers were submitted. A-T-O, which owns Rawlings Sporting Goods, was high bidder at \$18.75 million. Two Boston businessmen, Marty Stone and Jack Satter, of-

fered some \$16 million apiece, while Sullivan and LeRoux reportedly bid about \$15 million.

On Sept. 29 the executors announced that the Sullivan-LeRoux group had been awarded the team. For their \$200,000, the two managing partners would receive 52% of the club. Among the limited partners were concessionaire H. M. Stevens Inc. and Mrs. Yawkey. Except for a few questions raised by other owners, very little was said about the sale for the next three weeks.

Then, on Oct. 24, just 10 days before the scheduled meeting for league approval, the Sullivan-LeRoux dream suddenly became a nightmare. To "clear the way for Sullivan and LeRoux," the executors fired General Manager Dick O'Connell and his two lieutenants, Assistant GM



Despite higher bids, Jean Yawkey chose Sullivan-LeRoux.

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Sullivan is now Boston's GM but not its owner

John Claiborne and Vice-President Gene Kirby. Says LeRoux, "As Dick was leaving, he turned and said, 'Are you prepared for this?' I didn't understand what he meant. I do now. We weren't."

The firing had long been rumored, but when it happened, it focused attention on O'Connell's accomplishments. When he moved up to general manager in 1965, the Red Sox had not played .500 ball in seven years or drawn a million fans since Ted Williams had retired in 1960. In the last 11 seasons under O'Connell, the Sox averaged 88 victories and 1.72 million customers a season.

Obviously, the firing of O'Connell and his subalterns was not for incompetence. By the time Yawkey died, it was clear that either O'Connell or Sullivan—but not the two together—was going to run the team. Neither O'Connell nor Sullivan remembers how it happened, but their once friendly relationship deteriorated until, in 1974, Sullivan, who had been vice-president for player personnel of the Sox, was kicked downstairs from the third-floor executive suite to the second-floor office of the scouting director. While Yawkey was alive, O'Connell acted as the club's chief executive. He held the power. But O'Connell's relationship with Mrs. Yawkey was not friendly. Of late the two had communicated only by notes, most of them cryptic

O'Connell had made many friends during his 31 years in the Boston organization. Some, like Tip O'Neill, reportedly called on Commissioner Bowie Kuhn to take a close look at the Sullivan-LeRoux deal. Rumors and innuendos about LeRoux and some of his business friends were rife. O'Connell said, "It's ironic that LeRoux is getting the team, because he was personally fired by Mr. Yawkey." Others, including LeRoux, dispute that, saying that LeRoux left the Sox to pursue business interests. Sullivan then recalled a time Yawkey tried to fire O'Connell. It became public knowledge that, since Yawkey's death, the executives had prevented O'Connell from making any major capital expenditures, thereby effectively blocking a spring-training deal for Pitcher Mike Torrez. Even the least sophisticated of the Sox's managerial fans were quick to figure out that, had Torrez' arm been in Boston rather than in New York, this year's American League East race might well have turned out differently. Soon O'Connell came to be seen as a hero who was being victimized by Sullivan and his friend, Mrs. Yawkey, and the SAVE OUR SOX bumper stickers began appearing.

In his column in *The New York Times* two days after O'Connell's firing, Red Smith coined the name State Street Sox. He had obtained a copy of the Sullivan-LeRoux loan draft and revealed terms that included an \$8 million ceiling on aggregate salaries, a 10% limit on raises for players and a right of approval for the bank on all major transactions. Suddenly one of baseball's wealthiest franchises seemed about to have its hands tied by a document full of ominous terms like default, insolvency, bankruptcy and failure to pay.

Financial writers for both Boston newspapers concluded that one bad year could, indeed, turn the team into the State Street Sox. Marvin Miller said the salary restrictions violated the contract between players and owners. Nader's FANS organization demanded that the sale be stopped. The *Globe Spotlight* Team then impugned the reputation of LeRoux and two limited partners and next cast doubt on LeRoux' net-worth statement, in which he claimed assets of \$4.7 million.

"I've never seen so many people attacked, convicted and hurt by innuendo in such a short time," says Sullivan. "Murders, retarded kids? This is sup-

posed to be baseball. This package is no joke. We have the money. We have all the extra cash we need. We've been made to sound like carpetbaggers. It's just the opposite. We're not in this to steal money. We're in it because we feel as strongly about the Red Sox as the most loyal fans. Do they want an outsider? A big corporation?"

It seems the American League's other owners might want just that. "There are too many good, strong potential buyers who'd love to have the Red Sox," says Selig. "A couple of owners have asked if this group realizes how unstable this business is, how much cash you often suddenly have to have. There's a survey that says Fenway must be rebuilt in five years. Can they afford that?"

Cleveland President Ted Bonda says the league vote would have been 13-0 against Sullivan and LeRoux. White Sox Board Chairman Bill DeWitt adds, "A lot of people are unhappy about the way the O'Connell thing was handled. He has a lot of friends."

"Maybe the delay is for the best," LaCour says now. "Things need to be dealt with more rationally." So, for the moment, Sullivan is the Sox general manager. LeRoux is the vice-president in charge of administration and Mrs. Yawkey is footing the bills. As general manager, Sullivan may be able to gain credibility. And now LeRoux will have a chance to convince the league that the deal he cooked up was not something off a Bert Lance scratch pad.

LaCour talks bravely of getting the A-T-O suit dismissed, but admits the Yawkey will could be tied up in probate court for months. A-T-O is trying to prove that the estate should have sold the Sox to the highest bidder, and even if it can't find a beneficiary—perhaps a nephew—to file a damage suit, it could force Mrs. Yawkey to go to court to protect her right to sell to whomever she pleases. Another possibility is that yet another buyer would purchase the club, give Sullivan 33% and make him general manager. Or Mrs. Yawkey can hold onto the franchise as long as she dares.

Meanwhile, all the upheaval has been as horrifying to Boston fans as if someone had tried to turn all of Cape Cod into one elongated Atlantic City. "Tom Yawkey made it the institution it is," says one American League club owner, "so in a way he created all this furor. But he must be rolling over in his grave." **END**

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Charlie Criss was on the road again last week, but the itinerary was a new one for him. Something of a legend in Eastern League cities like Scranton, Allentown and Ashbury Park—and on New York City playgrounds—the 5' 8" Criss, who is at once the NBA's smallest player and oldest rookie, was journeying to Detroit and Kansas City as a member of the Atlanta Hawks. At the age of 28, Criss has finally made the NBA, seven years after finishing his college career. That is almost as astonishing as the fact that at week's end the faceless, low-budget Hawks were soaring along in first place in the NBA's Central Division at 7-1, best in the entire NBA.

It was hard to decide which was more uplifting, Atlanta's scintillating play or Criss' long-delayed NBA debut. The Hawks, everybody's choice to repeat their last-place divisional finish of last season, were getting their usual 20-points-plus output from Forward John Drew, their only bona fide offensive threat, and they were also enjoying some unexpected blessings, notably a pesky defense and the steady quarterbacking of second-year Guard Armond Hill. The year's surprisingly swift getaway perked things up at home in The Omni where the Hawks were staging rousing promotions, including a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar lookalike contest—a 5' 2" white guy won second prize—and indoor fireworks. While the whole operation did not quite amount to Hawkmania, average attendance was 9,277, well ahead of last year's 5,238, worst in the NBA.

Little Charlie Criss was very much part of these giddy goings-on. Playing third guard behind Hill and Ken Charles, he was averaging 10 points and four assists a game and was also chomping on record quantities of gum, causing his wispy goatee to go up and down as he scooted to and fro. An instant favorite of Hawk fans, Charlie apparently also beguiled The Omni organizer, who took to playing the theme from *Rocky* whenever he stole the ball or pumped in another 30-foot jumper. "Charlie is dynamite," rhapsodized his coach and benefactor, Hubie Brown. "When he gets on the court, things happen."

Criss, who calls his arrival in the NBA a "dream come true," was also fast be-

Very short and sweet in Atlanta

Charlie Criss, the NBA's littl'est man, soars high with the surprising Hawks

coming recognized as a symbol of gritty perseverance. In Detroit's Cobo Arena the other night, after the Hawks had stunned the Pistons 102-89, a radio man in a loud sport coat stooped to thrust a microphone in front of him. "A lot of kids see you as a little guy who finally made it," the interviewer said. "What advice would you give them?"

Criss is a man who tends to take things seriously. "I'd tell them to hang in there," he replied. "I'd say that if they want something bad enough, they can get it."

Which is pretty much the story of Charlie Criss' life. He grew up in Yonkers, N.Y., the eldest of 11 children, and he became playmaker for the New Mexico State team that lost to UCLA in the 1970 NCAA semifinals. But he was overshadowed by teammates Sam Lacey and Jimmy Collins, both first-round NBA draft choices. Criss was not among the year's 239 selections. At the time nobody in the NBA was under six feet, and the emphasis on big guards was so strong that it was considered a brave gamble when the San Diego (now Houston) Rockets selected Calvin Murphy, Niagara's 5' 9" All-America, in the second round.

Murphy quickly showed he belonged in pro ball, and before long room was found for all sorts of Foots Walkers and Kevin Porters, not to forget 5' 5½" Monty Towe, who kept college pal David Thompson company on the Denver Nuggets until he was cut in September. Charlie Criss, meanwhile, was graduating from college playmaker to one-man-gang in the basketball underground, though



Criss and Burleson, the short and the long of it

the transformation was by no means immediate. In 1972 he joined the Hartford Capitols of the Eastern League, the run-and-gun league that has been a haven over the years for NBA rejects and might-have-beens. Relegated to the taxi squad, he practiced with the team all season but got into only four of 28 games.

What made this particularly hard for Criss to take was that even then he felt he belonged in the NBA. "Sure I improved, but I would have improved even more in the NBA," he says. "My problem all along, even in the Eastern League, was getting a break. But it's always made me try that much harder."

Criss was sixth man for Hartford the next season, coming off the bench to average 20 points a game. Then, suddenly, he blossomed into the star of the league. Playing regularly the following year for the Cherry Hill (N.J.) Rookies and the last two seasons for the Scranton (Pa.) Apollos, he led the Eastern League in scoring with 30, 39 and 34 points a game and was twice voted MVP. He further burnished his reputation in New York's

continued

Rucker League, in which, as the Mosquito, he took his place alongside such storied playground performers as the Helicopter and the Destroyer. Stories circulated about how Charlie Criss was regularly burning NBA performers such as Tiny Archibald, Henry Bibby and Lloyd Free on the playgrounds.

In the Eastern League, Criss earned \$60 a game, the going rate for stars, and he paid his own expenses, splitting gas money with three other players on the long car rides to and from the games. To make ends meet (he is divorced and has two daughters), he worked at a succession of jobs, most recently in the data processing department of Tuck Tape Industries in New Rochelle, N.Y. Last season he was invited to the New York Knicks' training camp but was cut before the first exhibition game. "I think he was invited mainly as a courtesy to me," says his agent, Steven Kauffman, a Philadelphia attorney who also serves as the Eastern League commissioner.

Even before the Hawks came into the picture, Criss had made up his mind not to return to the Eastern League this season. He began angling, instead, for a berth with the Harlem Globetrotters and got a foot in the door as a member of their stooge team, the New Jersey Reds, on a two-month Trotter tour of Europe last summer. He was in Madrid, nearing the end of the tour, when Hubie Brown got in touch with him. The Atlanta coach had seen Criss play in a black charities All-Star Game in Madison Square Garden and figured that the lead-footed Hawks could use some of his quickness. He promised Criss a fair shot at making the team, and the little man reported to training camp.

Atlanta at the time was suffering from the loss of free-agent Forward Truck Robinson, who had taken his considerable talents to New Orleans, and from a savage front-office intrigue that resulted, ultimately, in the sacking of Brown's avowed enemy, General Manager Mike

Storren. Brown found room for five rookies on the Hawks' roster and Charlie Criss learned he was one of them after the final exhibition game in Louisville. "Hubie and I were riding in an airport limousine and he asked me if I'd found a place to live yet in Atlanta," Criss recalls. "It was unreal, absolutely unreal."

It no doubt helped Criss' cause that he was available at close to the league's minimum salary of \$30,000. It also seems likely that Brown identified with him. The coach had logged four years in the Eastern League in the '50s and, as the Storren episode suggests, is something of a survivor himself. But Brown insists that Criss made the Hawks primarily because he can play basketball.

"Charlie showed the quickness we wanted and also that he can shoot and pass," he says. "Other guys 5' 8" can do these things, but Charlie is also very strong, which is true of Calvin Murphy, too. In fact, I honestly feel Charlie is holding back a bit, trying to submerge

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his freelancing instincts to play into our system. When he starts seeing the options possible within that system, he could be awesome."

Criss scored eight points in his first NBA game, a 107-101 win over Cleveland at The Omni, and then poured in 21 in 27 minutes in a 110-103 loss at Hartford to the Boston Celtics, Atlanta's only defeat. Next came a 113-110 overtime victory over the Nets in Piscataway, N.J. A group of Criss' former co-workers at Tuck Tape came to the game by chartered bus, and Charlie entertained them by amassing 17 points, six rebounds and five assists. "I was proud to be wearing an NBA uniform in front of my friends," says Criss. "I was also proud that I played well."

Notwithstanding Brown's assessment of his strength, it remains to be seen whether Criss can withstand the rigors of the seven-month, 82-game NBA schedule. He has already had a busted lip, and last week a jammed right thumb

was affecting his shooting. "In the Eastern League I took quite a pounding, but we played only weekends and I had a few days to recover," says Criss. "Here you have to play hurt."

Having taken so long to make the NBA, though, Criss plainly means to stick around, and Brown had said he would keep him even if the squad limit dropped to 11, as was determined last week. "I'm not bitter about having to wait seven years, but I do feel I've got something to prove," Criss says. He is ecstatic about flying first class and staying in hotels with elevators ("It's all a little different from the Eastern League," he says) and he further betrays his eagerness on the sidelines during time-outs. While Brown diagrams plays by moving around little magnetic pieces on a board, Criss actually pays attention, something other Hawks don't always do.

Playing with a taped thumb Friday night in Kansas City, Criss scored 11 points (Drew had 27) as Atlanta nudged

the hometown Kings 111-110. At The Omni the next night he had 12 in a 100-94 win over Golden State, the Hawks' sixth straight victory. There was every reason to expect the inexperienced team to self-destruct eventually, but the Hawks were enjoying themselves for the moment, and nobody more than Charlie Criss. In Kansas City the NBA's smallest player had scored a basket by arching a bank shot neatly over the NBA's tallest player, 7' 3" Tom Burleson, and he also renewed acquaintances with Sam Lacey. The two former New Mexico State teammates, one a seven-year NBA veteran and the other a rookie, chatted before the game in Kemper Arena.

"Knowing Charlie, I'm not surprised he made the NBA," Lacey said afterward. "He played hard in college and never gave up. He's always had a lot of heart."

Criss was moved, too. "Sam Lacey," he murmured. "It was sure nice to see him after all these years."

END



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Sun Valley has long been an American institution. Not one of those newfangled, battery-operated institutions like Disneyland, *Monday Night Football* or *We Do It All for You* at McDonald's. Sun Valley represents lasting class like Grand Central Station, Yellowstone National Park, the Old North Church. But the Valley also is real estate, a sprawl of property, and as such it was sold last spring—lock, stock and Hemingway Memorial—for \$12 million. It was a bargain.

The buyer was Robert Earl Holding, one of the richest businessmen in America—and also one of the least known. The early book on Earl Holding was that he was as unlikely a person to spend time at Sun Valley as anyone in the world. Holding is 50, is just learning to get around on skis, does not like publicity, does not hang around celebrities, does not drink, does not even play very much. He is a Mormon, born in Utah, and mainly he works. Mainly his work is in oil refineries and gas stations, not in recreation and resorts.

"I see Sun Valley as a grande dame that has been sitting on her laurels," Holding says. "There's a tremendous challenge here. We want to make this place a masterpiece again."

Such a definition may lie in the eye of the owner. Holding is only the third chief of Sun Valley in the 41 years since skiers first rode up the sides of Proctor and Dollar Mountains in ridiculous contraptions, patterned after the equipment used to load bananas into fruit boats. They were called chair lifts, the first in the world.

This was in December 1936. In those days, Sun Valley was owned by the Union Pacific Railroad; the resort lay in lonely splendor at the end of a small spur line leading into the gone-busted mining town of Ketchum, Idaho. UP Chairman W. Averell Harriman lavished railroad millions on the place, ending up with a lodge which had massive log sides (actually cast of cement) and the only dining room at a U.S. ski resort where the waiters wore white tie and tails while diners glided down the stairs to the strains of Eddy Duchan's orchestra.

But by the early '60s the thrill had long gone for Union Pacific. The management called in the Janss Corporation, a land-development outfit, to survey the Valley and make suggestions. Upon getting the suggestion—that it would take a lot of

Earl has bought a pearl

How much green did it take to buy Sun Valley? The resort went for \$12 million, a bargain, and the man who purchased it is going to make it even more of a gem

work and no less than \$6 million for a face-lifting—the railroad decided to sell. Brothers Ed and Bill Janss bid just under \$3 million to buy the old queen of resorts and UP accepted. It was a steal. The year was 1964.

Ultimately, it was Bill Janss, who ran a cattle-feeding operation near Palm Springs, who took over. He is a kintetic, jittery man with eyes as blue as ice and a mind alive with ideas, a consummate skier, an alternate member of the U.S. Olympic ski team of 1940, the year the Games were called on account of war. By the summer of 1965 a building program was swinging: Janss installed tennis courts, a new swimming pool, a shopping mall and some new apartments just off the lodge. The next year he helped push a bill through the Idaho legislature to allow the sale of condominiums in the state, and that did it. "We built 100 very small studio apartments," Janss says, "and they sold out before we could finish them."

Now the nature of the resort was changing drastically. Sun Valley was growing like a boomtown. Janss improved the golf course, built more tennis courts, turned the resort into a strong year-round operation. Through the late '60s and early '70s, condominiums and apartments crept steadily along the Valley floor until the formerly vast and empty reaches became relatively dense with buildings, roads, parking lots. When Bill Janss bought Sun Valley, there were 800 beds. Now there are more than 3,000. And there is also a whole new village called Elkholm on 3,000 acres just over the hill that Janss sold to the Johns-Manville Corporation in 1971. There has been much criticism of the "urban glen" Janss brought to Sun Valley. He argues that he has always worked with a tough and enlightened master plan for land use, that Sun Valley grew no faster than "a little Austrian town." "We have allowed no further building on the hillsides beyond

the master plan," he says. "Only 20% of the land has had any building activity on it."

But if Janss' massive construction program on the Valley floor was criticized, his management of the mountain assuredly was not. Under his sharp eye, the skiing anatomy of Bald Mountain has been designed and lovingly sculpted. On

continued



New owner Earl Holding in front of Old Baldy

Old Baldy, Janss created a ski area that many U.S. skiers think of as The Mother Mountain. "When I came here 13 years ago," he says, "the mountains had been neglected. There were no lifts on the Warm Springs side. There was no real access to the best powder skiing. No grooming, just a lot of icy paths coming down the canyons." Janss opened new bowls, introduced grooming equipment, opened the Warm Springs side of the mountain—and wound up his ownership with 47 ski runs, 16 lifts and a capacity of 14,500 skiers an hour, although the resort has never had more than 8,000 on the hill at one time.

Still, Sun Valley was not a perfect profit-making enterprise. Janss introduced a plan for a complex and expensive new shopping mall in the center of the Valley, to be designed by a pair of young developers. But the mall was not built, and Janss was sued for \$32 million in a breach-of-contract action by the two developers. Then came the devastating snowless winter of 1976-77 when Old Baldy sat sad and brown and desperately bald for days and days, then weeks and weeks under brilliant—and increasingly depressing—blue skies. Like several ski resorts in the West, Sun Valley lost a load of money. The corporation was said to be \$6 million in debt. "I could have kept going," Janss says. "Money was not a problem."

But the combination of his growing wish to remove himself from the pressures of running the resort plus the lawsuit and the drought got to Janss. There were potential buyers around. Indeed, until early last winter, Janss was pretty certain the Walt Disney operation would take over Sun Valley. "The Disney people took a month and a half thinking over the decision," he says. "Lots of people around these parts were convinced they were going to do it. But they didn't. They're good businessmen, but you know in that organization they still bow three times toward Walt's ashes in Forest Lawn before they make any big decision. And they knew Walt had always wanted his own ski resort, built from the ground up in his own image. They were also very worried about the lawsuit. So they pulled out."

It was then, in mid-January of '77, that Earl Holding read in *The Wall Street Journal* that Sun Valley was for sale. He had seen the area during a motor trip three years earlier and had been im-

pressed, but had no thoughts of buying. Now he flew into Sun Valley, walked the mountain from top to bottom with Bill Janss and immersed himself in the intricacies of ski-lift engineering, trail maintenance and snow-making. He liked what he saw. He offered Janss \$12 million. "Yes, it was a very small figure," says Janss. "We were talking about more with Disney and I could have gotten \$16 million even then. But it seemed to me that Holding would do a better job than any of the big corporations. I mean, what if a Hilton or a Sheraton came into Sun Valley? Holding seemed to care about the mountain, he seemed to care about the golf course, and he definitely cared about quality. He was the one I wanted to have the place."

The deal was announced on April 8, 1977. It came as a surprise, indeed, a shock, to many in the ski industry and to almost everyone in Sun Valley.

Earl... who? Holding turned out to be an energetic man with a shock of silver-gray hair and the hyper-enthusiastic demeanor of a master salesman. He had grown up in surroundings about as un-Sun Valley as you can imagine. He was born in 1926, the son of an impoverished apartment-house manager in Salt Lake City. "We were extremely poor," Holding says. "I was working when I was nine years old. I worked for a landscaper in my teens for 15¢ an hour." He went into the Air Force during World War II, came home to Utah and married his college sweetheart, Carol Orme. "She was the only one I knew with less money than me," says Holding. They have since added three children to their assets, plus almost uncountable millions of dollars.

Starting with a small orchard outside Salt Lake City where he planted 3,500 fruit trees, Holding has marched steadily onward in the West, adding a bit of property here, an oil refinery there, a gas station, a motel here and there, until it is estimated that the combined businesses Earl and Carol Holding own do a gross annual volume of \$600 million. One Idaho banker, who had scoffed at a rumor that Holding enterprises were grossing \$1 million a day, checked on Holding's business while the Sun Valley sale was in the works. He found that the true figure was almost \$2 million. Last year Holding bought the Sinclair Oil Corporation of Sinclair, Wyo. It was his larg-

est acquisition to date. He had begun oil business purchases by "integrating backwards," as he puts it, going into the gas-retailing business through his chain of Little America service stations and motels, which have come to be something of an institution for Western motorists. He bought a refinery, then pipelines, and he is now in oil exploration.

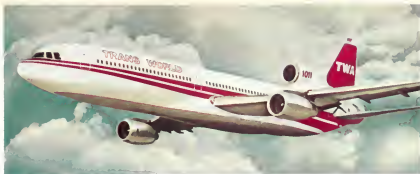
And, of course, he is in Sun Valley. Obviously, it is not as consuming an operation for Holding as it was for Janss, who had no other business interests. Holding, whose home is in Wyoming, intends to live in Sun Valley about a third of the year. He has named former mountain manager Wally Huffman, 33, to operate the place but insists he will keep in very close contact.

"I'm a doer, not a delegator," Holding says. "I am interested in maximum efficiency here. I think we can run a profit-making operation. I am not going to be proud of this place unless it is well run. And it is not going to be a choice between being first class and making a profit. We will do both. My concept in business is that you get out of something exactly what you put in. If a place is run well, the money comes back and you put it back in again to keep getting better and better."

Last spring in a flurry of activity Holding ordered 5,000 trees and shrubs and 20,000 flowers brought in for a mass landscaping project. Day after day during the summer he covered the grounds at close to a full gallop, inspecting everything from point on the windowsills to cracks in the sidewalks. He displayed a fascination for detail that was almost fanatical. Holding could cite the exact number of begonias planted, the traffic on specific ski lifts, the precise color of carpeting—and its thickness—that he would put in the employee quarters. He says, "We want to know everything that is done. We do everything that is done. We pump the gas, we make up the rooms, we plant trees, we involve ourselves with every angle of every operation. We believe that 1,000 details go together and—if they're put together right—they will make a masterpiece."

Holding does not consider Sun Valley to be primarily a ski resort. "What I was interested in when I bought it was a resort that would be open year-round. That is our emphasis here. I want to make Sun Valley a place that will never shut down. We have put in new snow-making to that

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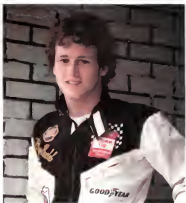
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Ricky Rudd wants NASCAR's rookie award, not just because it sounds nice

The honor isn't hollow

Until this year, it was a dubious honor to be named NASCAR's Rookie of the Year. Because a stock-car driver is all but guaranteed to lose thousands of dollars in his first season—more like his first few seasons—Rookie of the Year often meant little more than that the winner entered more races and thus lost more money than any other rookie. But this year Citicorp Travelers Checks has bankrolled a program that pays \$10,000 to the top rookie, plus \$500 to the highest finisher in each race, plus \$1,000 a race next season. Thus, in one stroke of the pen that signs the checks, Rookie of the Year has become a distinction worth racing for.

This stroke of good fortune affects NASCAR as well as the rookies. Aside from the fact that motor racing always needs more money, NASCAR, in particular, needs fresh faces, and the Citicorp money has drawn them. The three

most conspicuous new faces bring more than freshness to NASCAR: they add youth, femininity and reserve, qualities not often found among stock-car drivers. Ricky Rudd (21 years old), Janet Guthrie (female) and Sam Sommers (soft-spoken) have all raced hard for Rookie of the Year, and after last Sunday's Dixie 500 at Atlanta, Rudd, who finished eighth behind winner Darrell Waltrip, and Sommers, who was 28th, stand only seven points apart. Guthrie, who finished 16th and is the best-financed of the three, now can no longer win the points race.

So with only the Ontario 500 on Nov. 20 left on the NASCAR schedule, it is down to Rudd vs. Sommers, youth vs. experience—one of the classic sporting face-offs. But the circumstances make it unusual: 1) 21-year-olds like Rudd almost never succeed at stock-car racing; 2) 38-year-olds like Sommers are almost never rookies.

This is Sommers' first season on the Grand National circuit after 11 years of racing Late Model Sportsman cars, the stock-car equivalent of baseball's AAA leagues. Which explains the paradox of Sommers' being an experienced rookie.

There are other contrasts between Sommers and Rudd besides age and experience. Sommers is tall, laconic and not in the least outspoken. Rudd is short and intense. He also is not outspoken, but this is by design, not nature. "It didn't take me long to learn how things work," Rudd says. "When it comes down to making it in NASCAR, racing is only half the game; the other 50% is how you handle yourself off the track."

Quite obviously, Rudd has figured out the nuances of becoming Rookie of the Year. Points awarded for finishing position count most in determining the winner, but attitude also is taken into account. According to the rules, a four-man panel votes "subjectively on three criteria: 1) each rookie's conduct with the technical inspectors in the garage area and the pits and with other NASCAR officials; 2) conduct and awareness on the racetrack; and 3) personal appearance and relationship with the media."

Last year rookie Terry Bivins scored more points from race results than Skip Manning, but NASCAR awarded Manning Rookie of the Year. Observes Rudd, "Terry had a way of running his mouth

too much in public. If he could have toned down a little bit, he wouldn't have had any trouble."

Says Lin Kuchler, executive vice-president of NASCAR and chairman of the judging panel, "You've got to have some leeway in the system because a situation might arise sometime where it's in the best interest of everyone to select someone other than the rookie point champion. But in my opinion, knowing the competitors involved this year, the man who wins it on racing points will definitely win Rookie of the Year." In other words, in the chairman's opinion, on attitude it's a tie.

But what if it's a tie on racing points? Pit-row whispers favor Rudd because his face is fresher.

Rudd began racing stock cars in the Grand National division, which puts him in a very exclusive club, about the only other member of which is Richard Petty. Most other drivers work their way up from Hobby Class to Late Models to Grand National cars; Rudd made the move directly into Grand National cars from motocross bikes. Ricky is financed by his father Al, who has been sponsoring his youngest son's racing (he has four other children) for 13 years, or since Ricky was eight and driving go-karts. Al Rudd likes to describe himself as "just a hardworking junkman." His business is Al Rudd Auto Parts in Chesapeake, Va., an eight-acre prairie of wrecks. His approach toward business and life is simple and old-fashioned: work hard, pay cash. He is in the junkyard office six days a week; both his house and business are paid for.

The junkyard has been extremely good to Al Rudd financially, but it hasn't changed his life-style. Nor has becoming the owner-sponsor of a race team. He still stays home and relaxes on Sundays. "I'm just in the way at the races," he says. "They don't need an old guy like me around. They need me back here making the money so they can go on."

Sommers, too, knows what it's like to scratch. For 11 of his 12 racing years he worked as a sheet-metal fabricator. This year he is finally being paid a weekly salary to race. His sponsor-car owner is M. C. Anderson, head of a Savannah construction company employing about 140 people. "There is no budget on our team," said Anderson. "They get what

continued

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MOTOR SPORTS (continued)

they need and they charge it and I pay the bills. I'll spend whatever it takes to win."

By "win" Anderson means first place, not first-place rookie or Rookie of the Year. Therefore when a rumor that Buddy Baker would replace Sommers next season was confirmed at Atlanta, Sommers reacted as you might expect a driver to who has had to scratch for sponsorship money most of his career. In his next-to-last ride for Anderson, Sommers qualified on the pole for the first time all season.

Compared to what Sommers has been through, losing a ride ranks as a setback, not a disaster. Sommers knows the difference. From his Late Model Sportsman days he carries a steel plate in his forehead, the result of a post-race assault by a wrench-wielding crewman from a competing team. The incident occurred early in the 1970s, a period in which Sommers won Georgia State Late Model Sportsman championships five times. Sommers has had several operations on his skull.

Says Sommers of the assault, "If it hadn't happened, I probably would have been in Grand National racing three years earlier."

When Sommers and Rudd are on the track together and both their Chevys are right, Sommers is faster. Rudd's engines are more reliable, however. They are built by his older brother Al Jr. in a small shop behind the junkyard. Al builds the engines by intuition—the shop lacks a dynamometer and other equipment most engine builders consider absolutely necessary. In the Talladega 500, Rudd's last engine blew during practice, so he bought a fresh, dynamometer-tested engine from Waltrip's team. With the extra horsepower, he came in fourth, the best finish of his career.

"Ricky's racing good," says Sommers, "but he still lacks experience. I don't care who you are, you don't jump in a Grand National car and be experienced overnight. It takes time to get it." Pause. "Ricky's getting it, though."

"I wish I had the money those guys on Sommers' team have," Rudd says.

So now it is down to the last race of the year, not only for Rookie of the Year, but also quite possibly for who will have a ride next season. Despite his father's help, Rudd is looking for a sponsor to pick up his bills. Now Sommers finds himself in the same situation. Sommers has it pegged. "It's do or die now, ain't it?" he says.

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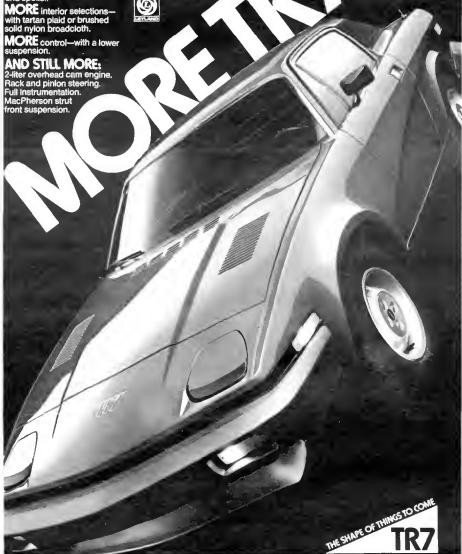
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THAT SENIOR



SEASON

A nostalgic visit to a Michigan town, where the author follows the high school team and has old memories rekindled by **BIL GILBERT**



CONTINUED

SENIOR SEASON

continued

Every year a million American teen-agers play football for their high schools. Behind the million is a legion of older men who are ex-high school football players. They may have played a lot or a little, skillfully or awkwardly, passionately or dutifully, but they played. Often they remember their playing days more vividly as the years pass. In another rank are millions of cheerleaders, pompon girls, band members, non-playing classmates. Some of these non-participants—past and present—have been or are elated by the football they watch in high school. Others despise the game. But just about all of them, because they wanted to be, were expected to be, did not dare not to be, were there when the Bulldogs, the Eagles, the Spartans ran onto the field.

One way or another, for better or worse, high school football touches the lives of a lot of us, maybe most of us. It is practiced, played, watched and remembered in oppressive heat and cold, in sandstorms and blizzards, on pastures and on rubberized turf, on fields of mud, thistles and glass shards. It is played by nose guards, monster and wolf men, flankers, split and tight ends, quarterbacks, halfbacks, fullbacks, punters, kickers and passers, lining up in Is, Ts, wishbones, pro sets, single wings and short punts. The conditions of play vary, but the experience is similar from place to place, year to year. The exhilaration of making six hard yards through the line, a wipe-out block, pulling a pass down to the chest and running elusively with the ball; the humiliation of fumbling or missing a tackle in the open; the sense of being part of a company of warriors, us against them; the sound of pads colliding; the smell of ripe socks and analgesic balm; the stickiness of resin; body hair being ripped off with tape—these are common experiences.

One such experience that few players ever forget is the first day of practice and its consequences.

There is a perverse meteorological law that requires the first day of real practice—after the physicals are completed and the equipment issued—to be a scorcher, no matter what the latitude. Probably even in Fairbanks, Alaska the first day is hot, humid, airless. It is the kind of August day that any 17-year-old knows was created for not going to work, for sleeping late, for cruising around in a car, for liberating a few beers, for going to a body

of water with a girl wearing a T shirt over a bikini. Instead, he finds himself in the middle of an open, shadeless field, lined up in semi-military formation, being exercised, instructed, yelled at by coaches who have been waiting impatiently for this moment since the previous November.

In the morning it is duck waddles, jumping jacks, squat thrusts, exhortive orations and lap after lap around the field. In the afternoon it is more of the same, plus maybe some preliminary hitting of canvas dummies, greasy from years of accumulated sweat. It is the ache and pain spreading from thighs and calves until it seems unbearable. It is throats and lips so caked with dried saliva and phlegm that it seems



no amount of water. Coke or beer will ever dissolve it. It is low-grade fever and giddiness from exertion, heat and fatigue.

In the morning the hot dogs who are hoping to make brownie points with the coaches, the precocious pre-professionals who are thinking of college scholarships, those who have been running and lifting weights on their own in preparation, shrug it all off ostentatiously. They lead the laps and needle the coaches about how easy the drills are. By afternoon the heat and fatigue bring the eager heavers back to the pack. The coaches are chipper, having reaffirmed one of football's verities—that nobody can come

through the first two-a-days unscathed, that nobody is in as good shape as the coaches expect him to be. The commands are met with collective groans and hitching. A camaraderie of agony develops.

In Vicksburg, Mich., after the first practice of the 1976 season, five seniors, who off past performances are expected to play football regularly for their school, retire slowly and stiffly to a burger joint on the outskirts of town. The five are Chip Cree, tailback-linebacker; Steve Hunt, nose guard-tackle; Rick Jensen, fullback-linebacker; Rands Noel, wide receiver-safety; and Jeff Schuster, quarterback-defensive halfback. They are so drained by the first practice that

they cannot work up much zest for the cheeseburgers, fries and shakes but stow away the junk food dutifully, like health faddists eating seaweed and honey. They are very tired, but beyond weariness they do not talk much because these five seniors are not a natural or easy social group. They have known each other since grade school and have gone to class and played games together since then, but this is one of the few times they have sat down together. Something bordering on a feud has existed for a long time between the two running backs, Chip Cree and Rick Jensen. To say that they are enemies is perhaps too strong, but Jensen, who has the reputation of being one of the hardest guys in the school, is open in his dislike for Cree, and Cree usually avoids Jensen.

Cree, at 6'1" and 185 pounds, is a very fit, athletic-looking young man and a handsome one in a dark, sharp-featured way. He claims that he has Indian blood, hence the name Cree. His classmates and teammates doubt this, dismissing it as another of Chip's stories. He has the reputation of being a hot dog, of always trying to impress others—his contemporaries, his coaches, his teachers. Chip is well aware of the criticism but faces it boldly. "Sure I know some people think I'm a show-off," he says, "but it doesn't bother me what other people think. I do my own thing."

With a pained and exaggerated grimace, Chip staggers up from the booth and begins limping about, clutching his right calf, kneading it to relieve what he says is a severe charley horse. "I didn't think I'd get one," he says. "I started running in July. I figure it's our last year and I was really going to be in shape. If we get it together, we could have a super season."

continued



SENIOR SEASON

continued

It is such behavior and statements that have given Chip his reputation and are most calculated to enrage Rick Jensen. He says, in a kind of strangled growl, "Sit down, you hot dog," and Chip comes back to the table.

Jensen is a 5' 10" 200-pounder, with a powerful torso, a tawny of wild carrot-colored hair and bushy eyebrows that are almost white. While Cree always seems to be letting it all hang out, there is a sense of containment, of stifling thoughts and passions, about Jensen. He is admired, respected and sometimes feared, because in his group he is the chief practitioner, almost priest, of a code of conduct that might be called Old Style American Male Macho. It is a collection of shibboleths, traditions and rescripts distilled from our frontier, military and athletic experiences—or, at least, our romantic illusions about them. Let actions speak louder than words. Never back down if you think you are right. Don't brag. Don't be a politician. Never admit hurt, a broken leg or a broken heart. Take your lumps and shake it off. Don't court the good opinions of others.

Jensen absolutely loves the game of football, perhaps because, of all games, it is the one most directly associated with the code and the one in which a code man can let himself go. "I don't go out for anything else," says Rick. "Basketball, baseball, all the rest of that stuff. You have to put up with all that crap from those coaches. I'm no jock. When I'm not playing football, I just lounge."

An important part of the code is that true feelings should be kept private. So Jensen cannot overtly express his passion for football and, in fact, bends over backward to hide it. It is a tradition at Vicksburg High School for varsity football players to wear their numbered playing jerseys to school

on Friday. On Friday, Rick Jensen always dresses in standard T shirt and jeans and never wears his jersey. On a Friday later in the fall, John Kachniewicz, the youngest of the three varsity coaches and the one most into things like spirit and morale, challenges Jensen about his dress. "Rick," he says, "you'd do anything to keep people from thinking you're a football player." Jensen replies, "There's some law says I got to wear the same thing the rest of the turkeys do?" Rick has an understandable reputation among the Vicksburg faculty for being not so much a troublemaker as a classic hardhead.

Jensen's steady girl friend is Mary Wagner, a tiny, pretty, elfin-faced senior. It is a match from a 1950s movie script. Mary is the head cheerleader, the homecoming queen, the super-involved, vivacious, popular senior girl. Rick is a football captain, leading ground-gainer, all-conference second team on both offense and defense, the super Friday night hero. One afternoon when they are baby-sitting Rick's youngest sister, he and Mary are kidding around, or at least Mary thinks he is kidding. He says, "We'll probably break up about Thanksgiving. She'll start going with a basketball player." Rick tends to use basketball player in a generic way, as others might describe somebody as a ribbon clerk.

Oddly, Chip Cree, the designated hot dog, cares almost as much as Jensen does about football, although in a different way. Chip likes being a football player, performing in that 1950s movie, while Rick's passion is for the game itself, its substance and feel. Chip says, "I'd give anything to be able to go on and play football in college. I'd rather do that than anything else."

continued



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SENIOR SEASON

continued

Rick says, "I'd just as soon play college ball. I guess, but f--- it, I'm too slow to be a good running back and I'm too short for linebacker. I'm probably not good enough to play, except at some little school."

Randi Noel, the deep receiver and safety, is the team speedster, the only one who can run 40 yards in less than five seconds. He is ostensibly a believer in the Rick Jensen code and hangs around a lot with the fullback. "Randi always acts tough when he's with Rick or Steve Hunt," says Regan Fader, a perceptive senior girl. "Alone, he's pretty straight, a pretty nice guy." Randi is also the team comic.

Another and perhaps natural hard guy is Steve Hunt, an almost square 210-pounder. He is baby-faced, blond, curly-haired, a free spirit unconcerned with appearances, codes or other social abstractions. The year before, he was the only Vicksburg junior to start both ways—and he also reached the finals of the state wrestling championships. He lives five or six miles outside town on a farm and works as a hand during the summer. In the winter he has a job at a meat market and general store in Vicksburg. He has a lot of older country friends. Besides wrestling, playing football and occasionally putting the shot, Hunt enjoys riding around in his Dart with the stereo turned up high, drinking beer and partying. He says when he was in the ninth and 10th grades, everyone in school thought he was truly bad, but now his classmates are catching up and "don't think I'm so wild because they're doing the same things I was doing two years ago." About football Hunt says, "The best thing about the game is when you go out and really beat up the guy against you—beat him bad. That makes you feel good the whole next week."

There is some quiet speculation about what would happen if Steve Hunt and Rick Jensen ever got crossways of each other. The feeling is that Steve is probably stronger, but Rick may be fiercer and that it would be an even but spectacular confrontation. However, there seems almost no chance the fight will occur. Steve and Rick are not regular companions, but they get along well and easily.

Almost anybody who has ever watched a football movie could guess that Jeff Schuttler is what he is—a quarterback. He is a 6'3" 190-pounder, very

continued

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SENIOR SEASON continued

handsome in a regular-featured way. Since grade school he has been the class's premier all-round athlete, the quarterback, a basketball star, a point-scorer in track. He is in the band, is a class officer and committeeman, is active in community organizations, gives piano lessons to grade schoolers on Saturday mornings. His responsibility trip is so formidable that it is regarded by his classmates as on a par with Hunt's strength, Jensen's ferocity and Cree's hot-doggery. Jeff says, "I'm more interested in the opinion of older people than I am in that of people in school." Regan Fader says, "About half the girls in class have thought seriously about Jeff because, you know, of how he looks and because he is a big jock and the rest. But once you get to know him, he is just old Jeff. What you see is what you get."

"I've been going steady, or at least going around with some girl ever since the third grade," says Jeff. "This fall I decided not to date anyone regularly. Be-

cause of college. I need the time for studying. Also, I want to enjoy football, and being the quarterback takes a lot of concentration. I don't have a really strong arm. Coach and I have talked about it, and we'll probably use a lot of short stuff and roll-out options if we have to pass. I'm big enough to run, and I'd rather run than throw."

These five seniors are together this afternoon, a bit uneasy in each other's company, because I had asked them to meet me after practice, and they had politely agreed. Bruce Martens, the head football coach, and his two assistants, Kachnewicz and Mike Blough, named them as five seniors who would play a lot and whose play would be crucial to the success of the team. My reasons for wanting to talk to them were more complicated but perhaps can be explained briefly.

I grew up in this part of southern Michigan, mostly in Kalamazoo, which is 15 miles north of Vicksburg. More

than 30 years ago I played football for a Kalamazoo high school that no longer exists. We did not play Vicksburg, which was a much smaller school, but we did play some of the school's Vicksburg now plays. In the summers my family lived at a lake four miles from Vicksburg, and that village became the center of our summertime activities. Now when I return to the area, I find I am fonder of Vicksburg than I am of my hometown. Kalamazoo has more than doubled in size and has become a considerable industrial center. Most of the landmarks that were important to me, even the field on which I practiced football, have been obliterated.

On the other hand, Vicksburg has not changed very much from what it was in the 1930s and '40s. I still have relatives in the area, and during a visit a year before I met the five crucial seniors, a brother-in-law who has two children, neither of them football players, attending Vicksburg High School asked me to go to a

In 5 years, most Americans will write with a pen like this.



football game with him. I had not seen a high school game since the last one I played in, as a senior in 1944, but I enjoyed this one very much and was moved by it. The first impression was of how little things had changed. It was like unexpectedly meeting an old friend. Not only were the play and players as I remembered them, but also so were such ancillary phenomena as the mist (it always seems to be misty on fall Friday nights in Michigan), the uneven turf, the weak lights and other things I had not thought about in 30 years.

In the following months I thought often about the game, how much football had meant to me, what it had done to and for me; how, because it is such a common experience, it had probably affected many others. I decided it would be satisfying and perhaps interesting to go back and visit high school football again and report on how things are with it now. I called Swift Noble, the Vicksburg athletic director, a contemporary of mine

and a high school athletic rival, and arranged to spend several days a week during the 1976 season at the high school, talking about and watching football, and other things as well.

For 60 years high school football has been a serious matter in Vicksburg. Hundreds of people attend each home game. Encouraging posters are displayed in store windows. Merchants buy ads in the Vicksburg Commercial, the town's weekly newspaper, to praise or exhort the team. During the fall the weekly football story is the biggest single article in the Commercial. The paper also publishes a weekly feature in which the offensive and defensive players of the week, selected by the coaching staff, are pictured and their feats of the previous Friday night described. If the Bulldogs win it is a matter of general elation in the town. A loss produces community depression, as well as lots of postmortems about coaching strategy and the lack

of moral fiber in today's teen-agers.

Mariens, the head coach, is very familiar with the serious football tradition in the town. His family has lived in Vicksburg for a long time, and he attended the high school in the late '50s, quarterbacking the varsity. He went on to play at Albion, a small Michigan college, and then he came back to his hometown to teach and coach. This is his fifth year as head coach.

"Obviously, I know this town pretty well," says Mariens. "Football has always been big, and everybody watches the coach critically. When I took the job the Rotary Club asked me to speak at their luncheon. I told them if I were doubtful, if I had questions about coaching, I knew where to get the answers. I'd just go down to Marjo's." Marjo's is a main-street cafe where storekeepers, businessmen and farmers gather for coffee, sweet rolls and far-ranging discussions.

Mariens is a bespectacled man with a serious, intense manner. He says that dur-

Continued

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ing a football season he may lose 20 pounds, become more irritable than he usually is and sometimes get stomach-aches. "It's not so much outside pressure. This is not the kind of school where you get fired for a losing season. And it isn't really the community reaction. I can handle that Marjoe's kind of criticism. It is mostly me. I'm competitive, and I win and lose with the team. There is another thing. I suppose deep inside I may be worried about whether I'm good enough to be a head coach, and so I'm always trying to prove that I am."

The previous year was a satisfying one for Martens. The Bulldogs had a 7-2 record, losing only one game in the Wolverine Conference, an association of nine Class B (under 1,200 enrollment) schools. The record was good enough to make them co-champions, the first time they had done so well in eight years.

"That was a great bunch of kids," Martens says, recalling his previous, mostly senior team. "They did well all the way through school, not only in sports but in class and in other extracurricular activities. They were an easy group to coach, at least for me. They responded to the serious, intense approach, and that's the kind of personality I have."

The present seniors are well aware of the record and general reputation of their predecessors, both of which rankle them. "We heard about those guys all the way through school," says Rick Jensen. "What super studs and students they were. Our class is meant to be the rowdy one, and I guess I'm meant to be one of the worst rowdies."

"What do you do to be a rowdy?"

"Not so much, at least in this town. Just messing around, you know, not caring that much about school or what people think of you. I guess it's what they call attitude."

"They were always big on that school-spirit stuff," says Randi Noel of the departed seniors. "We laugh at it. I don't play football for the school or Martens. I play it for me. They think I'm a rowdy because I hang around with Rick."

As a matter of fact, Jensen, the football lover, had seriously considered not playing in his senior year. He felt he had not been given enough playing time as a junior, that Martens had unjustly favored the straight-arrow seniors he found more

compatible personally. By summer Jensen had changed his mind. "I suppose I cooled off," he says. "I got to thinking how bad I'd feel sitting in the stands watching all these guys play. Another thing is, my old man is a real football freak. He used to play here, and he runs the scoreboard for home games. If I hadn't played, it would have been a bad fall around the house."

Martens gives no indication that his redheaded fullback-linebacker is on any kind of a bad list. "He's a tough kid," the coach says, "and he has a real feel for this game. He may not be the greatest practice player, but that's just his temperament. On Friday night Rick comes to play. You never have to worry about him putting out."

"This is a funny bunch. There are a lot of good kids, but they are not very cohesive. They don't give you a team feeling. There are no real leaders. They all look up to Jensen and Steve Hunt, but those two just play their own game, do their own thing. Cree and Noel do some hollering and talking, but the rest don't listen much. Jeff Schuster is going to run the team fine—he's a strong, smart, dedicated kid—but he's more of a technician, not the inspirational-type quarterback. I guess that's going to be my job, bringing them together, finding out how to reach them."

Martens' main worry this season is lack of depth. "I may have as many as nine people playing both ways, including Jeff, and I usually like to give the quarterback some rest if I can. Some of my people are really going to be dragging in that last quarter."

There is a venerable conditioning drill Martens uses during the hot August two-a-days. He stands in the center of a big circle and tosses the football at random to one of the players, who starts sprinting around the circle clockwise. The man next to him takes off in pursuit, then a third man starts chasing the second, and so on until the entire squad is chugging around, chasing itself.

Steve Hunt has developed a personal style for running this drill. Despite his size, he's the second-fastest man on the team, only a shade slower than Noel. However, the big lineman shows off his speed only once in each circle drill. Normally, he loopes along just fast enough to prevent anyone from catching him from behind, but once in each set he turns it on, sprints the whole way, sometimes

catching nearly everyone else. The last man he passes, he shoves hard and knocks flat. Neither the flattened player nor anyone else complains about Hunt's private game. Being flattened occasionally is the unavoidable consequence of having a horse like Hunt on your team.

Watching one of the hot afternoon practices is the large father of a small underclassman who, he has already become apparent, will be no more than an occasional reserve. This is probably the reason the father, an ex-player, is sour. "How do you expect to have a team if they don't work up a sweat?" he says. "When I was playing, those coaches worked us until our tails dragged. Games were nothing after our practices. How are they going to hit in a game if they don't sweat in practice?"

As the practices continue, it develops that Tom Bowyer, a junior, is probably going to be a starter on the offensive line. Bowyer is a 200-pounder, but he appears to be more chubby than muscular, and he looks very young. He is quiet but candid when asked about his assignment.

"Mostly I'm frightened," he says.

"You mean about playing in a varsity game?"

"I guess I'm nervous about that, but I'm frightened by Steve Hunt. I have to play across from him in every scrimmage. I've been frightened for three weeks."

Vicksburg's opener is an away game against South Haven, a semi-resort community on Lake Michigan, 40 miles to the west. The Kalamazoo Gazette, the daily paper that serves southwestern Michigan, has picked the South Haven Rams to win the Wolverine Conference, and it makes the Rams 13-point favorites over the Vicksburg Bulldogs.

The final school period each Friday is set aside for a pep rally. It is held in the gymnasium and attendance is obligatory. "Football and the football spirit help bring the school together," says John MacDonald, the Vicksburg principal and himself a former player and coach. "It is a fact that we have fewer discipline problems during football season. It gives the whole school something to be excited about, and it is stimulating in a constructive way. Another thing, you seldom have serious discipline problems with varsity athletes. They can be wild and rowdy, but they are seldom malicious."

"Maybe because everybody, especially coaches, is trying to keep them out of trouble so they can play?"

continued

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SENIOR SEASON

continued

"There may be some of that, but I think it is more that sports appeal to boys who have a little self-discipline. They have to be motivated to show up every day for practice, give up some of their individual freedom to achieve a collective goal."

Years ago most of the students at Vicksburg High were either children of farmers or of those who dealt with farmers and depended on agriculture for their livelihood. In those days students from more sophisticated places, like Kalama-zoo, thought of Vicksburg as a hick school, attended by hicks who wore farm-work clothes to school. I learned what a sore point this was one summer in the '30s, when a friend of mine from Vicksburg and I hunted lost golf balls to sell at a nearby public course. Golf-ball hunting was fun for me, but it was serious business for my friend. He worked on his family's farm but got no cash for his labors, there not being much money in farming or anything else in the Depression. He hunted golf balls to earn enough money to buy two sweaters and two pairs of pants at J.C. Penney's, so that he would not have to wear bib overalls to school, as he and so many of his classmates had to do.

Nowadays there is more money around Vicksburg, and farming is not so important as it was. Among the senior football players, only Steve Hunt is a farm boy, and his father is not a full-time farmer. However, as the student body troops into the pep assembly, probably a third of them are wearing the once-despised bib overalls. The costume is now ultra-fashionable, and Mary Wagner says overalls may cost \$30 in a sports shop.

Mary Wagner is the energetic mistress of ceremonies at the assembly, leading songs and rousers, deploying the under-cheerleaders and the pompon girls to incite louder yelling. Robin Niewonder is the second senior cheerleader behind Mary Wagner. She is a very blonde girl, always stylishly made up and turned out. Unofficially, she is accepted as the class beauty, just as Steve Hunt is the strong man. She says, "I like watching all sports, but football is special. It's the biggest sport in school. The fall feels different. It's more exciting because of football. Football is traditional, I guess. It's something you are expected to do."

"What are the other traditional things?"

"It's hard to explain. Just expected

continued

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SENIOR SEASON continued

things. In a way, it's like you are expected to get married and have children."

At the climax of the rally, Martens is introduced. He reminds the school that in the two previous years South Haven was favored, and both times Vicksburg won. He says Vicksburg can win again if the team plays its best and if the students yell their loudest. He says he remembers the cheer he likes best, and he then leads the school in it. Punching the air with his fist, he shouts, "Hit! Hit! Hit!"

The student body responds—except for half a dozen of the senior football players behind the coach. They are yelling, "Buffalo CHIP! Buffalo CHIP! Buffalo CHIP!"—a needling of Chip Cree.

Generally, the senior players are disdainful of the pep rally, claiming it is Mickey Mouse. "The teachers like it, not us," says John Dekker, a 170-pound center-tackle and one of the hard guys in the Steve Hunt-Rick Jensen axis. "If they didn't make everybody come, there'd probably be about 20 people there—some freshmen, the cheerleaders and the coaches."

"It's O.K.," says Chip Cree. "It gets everybody together. But I don't think it gets us thinking about football that much. All the girls there in those short skirts—what do you think we think about?"

A good many memories came back for me during the fall, but none is stronger than the one I feel when, having followed the team to South Haven, I step onto the playing field there. The weak lights have been turned on, and the mist is rising. Suddenly, an extremely vivid recollection of the place erupts. Thirty-one years before, probably almost to the night, I had fumbled while fielding a punt on that same field, in the same sort of mist, under the same kind of weak lights. I cannot quite conjure up the face and name of the South Haven player who bore down on me out of the post, but everything else is very clear—like a thing happening for the second time. Feelings, more or less in order, of shock, disbelief, anger, humiliation, self-loathing and self-pity flowed again from that ancient disaster.

In the locker room at South Haven, Martens has gathered his team around him. "All right, people," he says slowly, solemnly and resonantly. "We have worked hard. Now we are going to find out how tough you are. Hit! Hit! Hit! Hit! The game the way you have learned to

play it. Hold those blocks. No arm tackling. Fire off the ball. No mistakes. Think, no mistakes. Technique and think."

"We are going to see who wants this game the most—you or them. If they want it more, they'll take it away from you. You have got to want it more than they do. All right, people—let's go!"

Toward the end of his short speech, Martens' voice has risen and the muscles in his face and the vessels in his neck have become taut and visible. The players, who often do not seem to follow his speeches during practice with much attention, are rapt. When he finishes they give a loud, unexpected, wordless shout and sprint down the hallway of the locker room and onto the field.

The first impression of the game is that desire, thought and technique will not bear heavily on the outcome. The more important factor is that South Haven seems to have larger, quicker and more numerous players. South Haven scores once in the first half and would have scored oftener had it not been for several penalties, a fumble recovery and an interception by Rick Jensen.

On defense, Vicksburg hangs on—Hunt and Jensen will make 30 tackles between them in the game—but on offense the team is erratic. Schutter, in his first game as starting quarterback, is having trouble, not just in completing passes, but also in passing at all. Three straight times he rolls out, cocks his arm but cannot pull the trigger and ends up eating the ball for losses. "I couldn't get set," he explains clinically. "When I did get set, I couldn't see anyone open."

Essentially, Vicksburg's offense in the first half is Jensen. The fullback carries the ball 20 times that night for 90 yards, more than half Vicksburg's total. He is not fast, but he is strong and determined, and he fights his way for four or five yards a play, often carrying tacklers on his back the last few feet. Only in a game does it become apparent why Rick Jensen, a casual practice player, is so admired by his teammates and coaches.

A number of parents and other Vicksburg adults have driven to South Haven for the opening game. By and large, they are silent as they watch their team being pushed around the field. An exception is the father who had complained earlier that the coaches were not working the players hard enough in practice. He sees the first half as vindication of his opinion and is loud and sarcastic

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SENIOR SEASON *continued*

about how weak and badly coached the team is. Al Dekker, a small, feisty, gray-bearded man whose son is John Dekker, the center-tackle, is retired because of his years and a heart condition, but he turns on the critic and tells him he should be ashamed of attacking his own team, his own town. He says that if he doesn't shut up, he, Dekker, will fight him. Cooler heads prevail, and the confrontation is avoided.

In the locker room at halftime Martens tells his troops that the game can still be won if they want it more. Then he goes to work at the blackboard with the Xs and Os. Schutter, Cree, Noel and Mark Brown, an offensive end, take part in this strategy discussion, making suggestions. Jensen, soaked with sweat and with a trickle of blood on the bridge of his nose, goes to the far end of the locker room and flops down on the floor between two of his friends, Dekker and Mike Simmons, a 140-pound defensive end. Hunt is in another corner of the

room. He has more than held his own against several tough opponents but feels that the best is yet to come. "I'm going to take that turkey the rest of the way," he says of a big South Haven lineman.

Whether it is the rest, the pep talk or coaching instructions, Vicksburg comes out strong in the second half. Hunt is as much responsible for the turnaround as anyone. He indeed begins to handle not only his own turkey, but also several other South Haven linemen. His defensive ferocity blunts the opponent's running game, and increasingly the South Haven quarterback has to pass. He proves to be less accurate than had been feared. With Hunt leading the blocking, Vicksburg's attack becomes more diversified. Jensen continues to gain on his short plunges, and Cree begins to contribute yardage around the ends. Schutter, more confident, completes passes to Brown, and, finally, to Noel, who has been insisting all night he can beat his man deep.

There are many theories about motivation and momentum, but there is also an observable fact—high emotion has an analgesic and anesthetic effect, enabling people to ignore pains and disabilities they ordinarily could not. Hunt comes out of a pile of bodies limping badly on what later proves to be a fairly severe ankle sprain. Martens removes him from the game, and Mike Bloough, the assistant coach, tapes the ankle. Soon Hunt is back in the game, still limping but as active as ever. Cree gets hit in the head but sits on the bench for only four plays, until his senses clear. Brown, leaping high for a pass, is belted in mid-air by two defenders but holds on to the ball. He lies gasping for breath on the ground, and the next day his chest is blue from the blow, but he does not miss a play.

Finally, having come close twice, Vicksburg scores with five minutes remaining in the game. The chubby junior tackle, Tom Bowyer, recovers a fumble

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SENIOR SEASON

continued

deep in South Haven territory, and from there Jensen crashes into the end zone, shoving linemen in front of him. Schutter sprints in on a roll-out for a two-point conversion that ties the score at 8-8. It remains even until the end of regulation play, setting up the tie breaker used by Michigan high schools. First one team and then the other is given four downs in which to score from the 10-yard line. Vicksburg gets the ball first. On two plays Rick Jensen gains eight very hard yards. Then, after faking to Jensen, Schutter hands off to Cree, who darts in to score on a diversionary slant. As he does so, he is more or less met in the end zone by his father Roger, an immense and enthusiastic man, another ex-football player, who comes boiling out of the stands screaming, "That's my boy! That's my boy!" On the conversion, Schutter again rolls out and dives across for two more points. Score: Vicksburg 16, South Haven 8.

When South Haven's turn comes to try to score from the 10, the quarterback smartly whips a touchdown pass, making the score 16-14, but he fails to get the extra points when a run is stopped cold by Hunt and his fired-up teammates. And that is how the Vicksburg Bulldogs won their famous upset victory over the South Haven Rams, 16-14.

After such triumphs there is a feeling of accomplishment, a feeling of being favored by the forces that order the affairs of the universe, a feeling of not only deserving to win, but also of having justice prevail. "I knew I was going to get there, I just knew it," says Jeff Schutter of his final conversion run. "No way," says Steve Hunt of the South Haven runner who was turned back on his try for the extra points. "No way was that dude going to get there."

In the locker room the Bulldogs celebrated in the *pro forma*, imitation TV way that has become customary—beating on each other, throwing water, yelling hoarsely—but there is nothing perfunctory about the elation. It is the best moment most of them have ever had playing football, and for better or worse, it is likely to be one of the best moments of their lives.

END

NEXT WEEK

Vicksburg High School's elation is tempered by harsh defeat, score into football season is heard, and the seniors, joining the legion of ex-football players, savor the season past.

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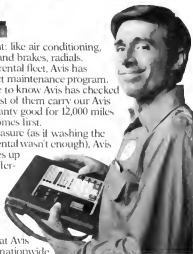
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BILL BRADLEY'S GAME

Sir:

Bill Bradley's article on what it takes to build a true team (*You Can't Buy Heart*, Oct. 31) was the best I have ever read in your magazine. Bradley was my favorite player not because he could dunk like Dr. J or block shoes like Wilt (he couldn't), but because he was the ultimate team player. He personified on and off the court the admirable qualities of self-sacrifice, dedication and discipline.

Unfortunately, many of today's players are too self-centered to heed the message in Bradley's article. I would rather see a Bradley 15-foot jump shot off a Dave DeBusschere pick than a Darryl Dawkins dunk any day. The NBA has suffered a great loss with Bradley's retirement. For me at least, basketball will never be the same.

MARSHALL ADLER
Buffalo

Sir:

Bill Bradley described what team sports should be, yet seldom are. Individual egos usually are bigger than the collective heart.

LARRY O'MALLEY
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

In a few days I'll be trying out for my high school freshman team, and Bill Bradley's inspiring article put me in just the right frame of mind. I'm not much of a scorer. I'm the guy who looks more for the open man than the tough outside jumper. I was worried that I wouldn't make the team because of my lack of shooting ability, but now I have more confidence in myself.

MARK NENSIG
Milwaukee

Sir:

It is encouraging to read an article that deals with teamwork and the value of subordinating oneself for the betterment of all. Surely this message is important not only in sports but also in everyday life.

JOSEPH F. LAPETINA
Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Bill Bradley makes a simple game seem very complex. Basketball on any level is a game matching strength, speed, coordination, stamina, desire and other physical skills. I've seen Bradley play many times and all he ever did was throw unimportant, simple, fundamental passes, which can be done by most teen-agers. I would prefer that articles like this be written by players who played well rather than talked well.

STEPHEN MEYERSON
Brooklyn

ON THE ROUGH SIDE

Sir:

Congratulations on an incredible pro basketball issue (Oct. 31). Besides providing us with great basketball insight, your stories showed heart and warmth. Bill Bradley's concept of the game is so right. But I would like to correct John Papane on one point in his article on the enforcers (*When the Going Gets Rough*). He wrote that in earlier days "enforcers were more crudely known as 'hatchet men.'"

An enforcer is one thing, a hatchet man another. An enforcer is a basketball player. A hatchet man was (and still is) a 12th man on the team whose purpose is to go in there and hit. A role I have played. I rode the bench for many long games, but whenever anyone started trouble, I would go in. If our opponents had a superstar who was burning us, I would get rough with him, start a fight, so both of us would be ejected from the game. My team lost nothing, the opponents usually lost not only their superstar, but also the game. That is a hatchet man.

PETE DENIS
Union City, N.J.

Sir:

After reading John Papane's glorification of unnecessary violence in the NBA, I suggest that you confiscate his typewriter. There is no question that basketball requires a certain amount of physical contact and that strength is a tremendous asset on the game. Accepting those facts, an article about basketball's toughest competitors, or its strongest men, would be of some interest. But the Papane article highlighted blatant rule breaking. Kermit Washington dropped John Shumate "with a flurry of hooks and hay-makers. Shumate came apart in sections." Calvin Murphy "howitzered (Sidney Wicks') face into a bloody pulp."

Let's not blame TV or radio for inciting violence; let's blame irresponsible journalists who encourage it by giving coverage to athletes who turn a game into a kooky street fight. Your article was a stimulus for irresponsible young athletes to turn high school and playground basketball into bloody street brawls.

DAN PURDOM
Carbonate, Ill.

Sir:

The sport is having enough trouble handling violence without the "hooks and hay-makers" of Kermit Washington and others being put up for idolization. It hasn't happened yet, but I would hate to see basketball suffer the same fate as hockey by resorting to

intimidation and scare tactics to compensate for lack of talent.

CRAIG FORMAN
Canton, N.Y.

Sir:

What kind of reflection is this on our society? Are we heading into a future in which sport will be legalized combat? I hope not.

BOB CLISHMAN JR.
Huntington, N.Y.

THAT PORTLAND FEELING

Sir:

Will Curry Kirkpatrick stop at nothing? His article on Blazersmania (*A Fever Called Blazersmania*, Oct. 31) was wonderful. I am a dedicated '76er fan, but the people in Portland have the right idea. Perhaps Philadelphia fans can get the feeling. Who knows, maybe we could win the championship that way.

MARLA ROWE
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick certainly was on target in his assessment of what Blazersmania has meant to the city of Portland and all of Oregon. It was a real happening that proved the value of teamwork in any walk of life, not just in the field of sports. But please ask him to point out that while Portland is a city of 400,000, it also has a metropolitan area population of 1,100,000. Otherwise, enforcer Maurice Lucas will be happy to see that Kirkpatrick personally counts each one of us on his next trip to Blazersland.

BILL ENIG
Portland

BENCH CLEANERS

Sir:

Reading your article on Ted Lindsay (*Well-kept Back, Scarface*, Oct. 31) brought to mind a recent New York Ranger game in which their rookie center, Ron Duguay, scored his first NHL goal. The entire Ranger bench cleared to congratulate him. So much warmth and emotion was evident, the TV viewer could feel it. At the end of the game the Ranger bench emptied again, this time to congratulate Goaltender Wayne Thomas, who had just shut out the Cleveland Barons.

Aggressive hockey, yes; violent hockey, no. If benches emptied more often for moments like these and less often for ugly, senseless brawls, well, I think I could even get my mom to watch a game.

AMY COOPER
Ardley, N.Y.

OUT OF THE LABORATORY

Sir:

In his article *Pricking Up Their Ears* (Oct. 31), Jerry Kirschenbaum quoted several swim-

continues

Ever wonder who pays for all those lawsuits you've been reading about?

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19TH HOLE continued

ning coaches who expressed concern that they would be forced to abandon their intuitive judgments and their anaerobic workouts if they used the East German earlobe blood tests. They need not feel such apprehension, because this test is simply intended to monitor the balance of aerobic vs. anaerobic training in order to avoid overexertion, and possible breakdown, in an athlete. Instead of relying solely on the outward appearance of the athlete (does his hand "turn green" when he's really tired?), the coach can add this objective information about the state of acidoses of the athlete to his intuitive feelings, and then make judgments accordingly.

As for those who worry about science turning athletes into automations, this test can no more make a robot of an athlete than can a treadmill test. In fact, the coach who lacks the means to objectively monitor the state of fatigue of his athlete and who unwittingly gives him too much anaerobic work is the one who is likely to create a robot whose enthusiasm for sport has been dimmed or extinguished by misguided overwork.

THOMAS F. ROBINSON, Ph.D.
Lecturer in Physiology
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

MORE FATHERS AND SONS

I enjoyed the item on football's coaching fathers and playing sons (SCORECARD, Oct. 24). Here are some others who should be noted. John David Crow of Northeast Louisiana and son Johnny, a running back at Alabama. Bob Tyler of Mississippi State and son Brock, a wide receiver at the same school. Bob Frederick and Quarterback/Punter Chris Frederick of Lamar University. And Coach Bill Davidson and Safety Billy Davidson of Arkansas State.

BOB ANDERSON
Montic, La.

Sir

Bruce Allen, son of Washington Redskins Coach George Allen, is the punter for the University of Richmond Spiders. Bruce has a strong leg and has been an asset to the Spiders all season.

BILL ROGERS
Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir

When I was the sports information director and Hayden Fry was head football coach at Southern Methodist University, I looked forward to the time when his son and Mrs. Fry's four sons—Randy, Zach, Kelly and Abe—would all be playing in the same backfield with their father as the coach. Hayden left SMU before this potential publicity event took place. Since he became head coach at North Texas State, however, Randy, Zach and Kelly have won their letters there, and it is likely that Abe also will become a letter winner. Randy and Zach have finished their college careers, but Kelly is a starter on this

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*
year's team, which at this writing has won seven games and lost two.

Incidentally, the best athlete in the Fry family is probably daughter Robin, who is a high school basketball star.

LESTER JORDAN
Vallejo, Calif.

Sir:

Please add to the list Chip Mark, son of Shippensburg State College Coach Joe Mark. Starting his first game at quarterback for the University of Virginia after the team had lost its first five games, Chip led the Cavaliers to a 14-14 tie with highly favored Virginia Tech. His 28-yard pass to one of the sons mentioned in your article, Dick Marchibroda Jr., was the longest pass play for the Cavaliers up to that point in the season.

D. N. TUCKER
Roanoke, Va.

• For other additions see SCORECARD.—ED

FOR MEN ONLY

Sir:

Richard Oles' list of the virtues of men (SCORECARD, Oct. 24) is admirable. But perhaps he should add wisdom—wisdom enough to know that self-reliance, bravery, honor, personal responsibility, etc. are not only the virtues of men but also of women.

I can't help wondering if the boys he coaches in fencing will come to see outsiders as a threat to their mastery of these qualities. I suspect the boys may fail to learn that no man who truly possesses these virtues will be "emasculated" because someone else—woman or man—also possesses them.

VIRGINIA V. CUANDA
Chicago

Sir:

Thanks for the publicity. However, in all fairness, the results of our boys-only fencing program should also be pointed out: three national under-16 champions, four national under-19 medalists, a dozen Maryland state champions in every age bracket, finalists in the adult Mid-Atlantic sectional championships, medalists in the New Jersey high school championships (they're open) and two selectees to the U.S. World Youth Championship teams in 1977 and 1978.

Now let me blunt in advance some of the hate letters you're going to get from the lunatic fringe. I also have a club for women and have been teaching the ladies since 1961—but differently. Equality of the sexes does not mean sameness.

RICHARD F. OLES
Coach
Tri-Weapon Fencing Club
Baltimore

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